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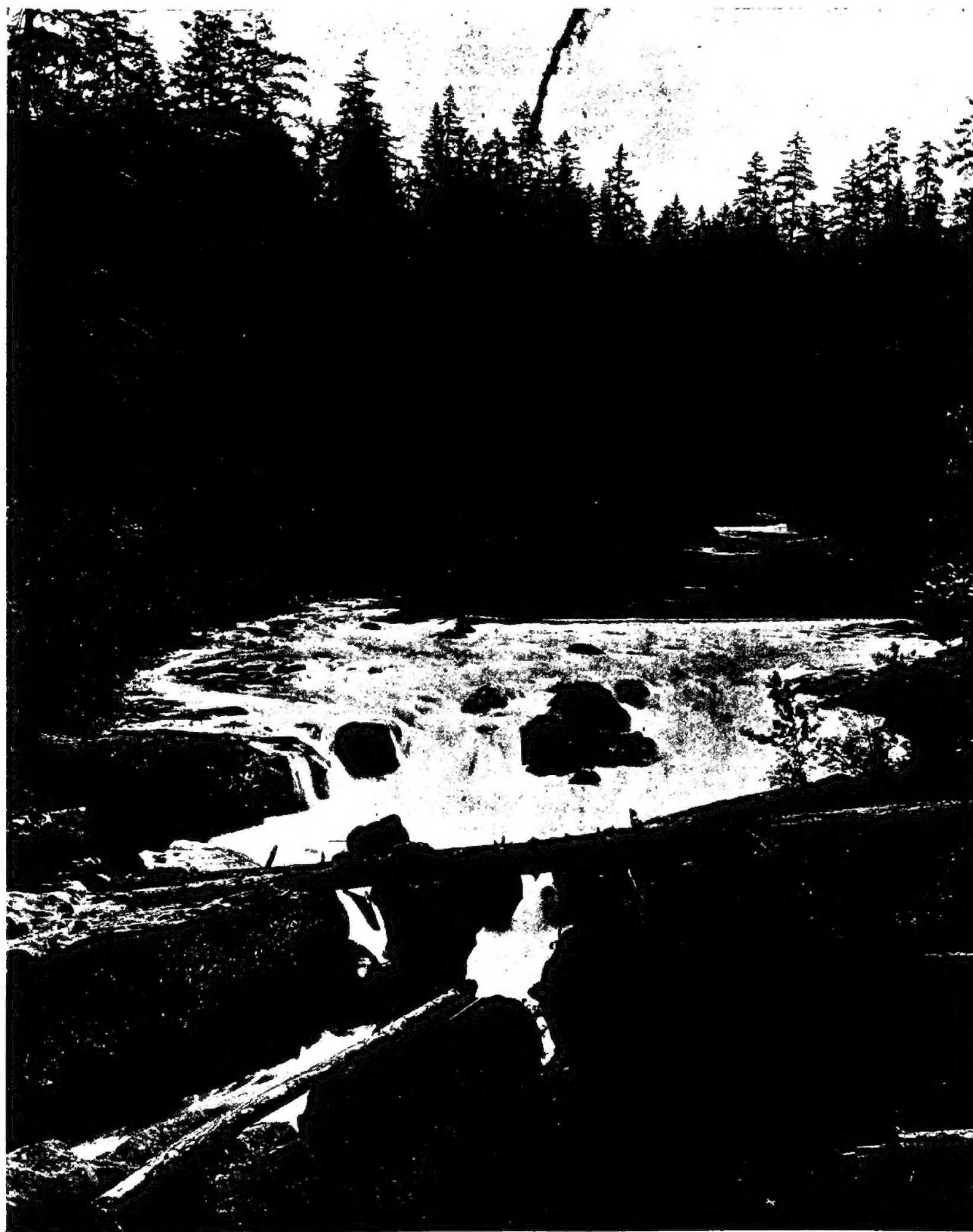
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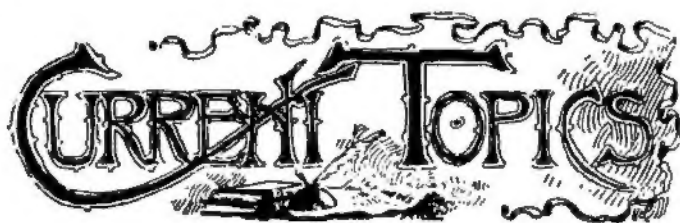
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14th MARCH, 1891.



The Growth of the Navy.

While the Canadian volunteer militia is in a more or less chaotic state, under-drilled, under-paid, and, practically under the management of a civilian, the existence of her small body of permanent troops is quietly giving an impetus to the development of an honest love and pride in things military; and on that score we are quite able to look after ourselves should occasion rise. In naval defence, however, we have nothing and could do nothing; and even looking at it from the rather selfish view of our own interest, the increase of the Imperial Navy is a matter of great importance. With a merchant marine of over 7,000 vessels, involving over one million tons, we have never taken any steps for its protection against a foreign power, as our cruisers could scarcely be considered of any value in war. In case of insult or outrage committed against any Canadian vessel, even in our own waters, no redress *vis et armis* could be obtained without the intervention of an Imperial man-of-war. The steady growth of the Royal Navy is therefore a subject in which Canada should take a deep interest. The recent pageant at Portsmouth, where those superb new vessels, the "Royal Sovereign" and the "Royal Arthur" were launched under Her Majesty's direct supervision, is but a step in the rapid progress made by the Admiralty on the road to what is now the avowed goal of their ambition—the establishment of a naval force equal in every respect to the combined navies of any two other powers. In view of the fact that when all vessels now under construction are completed the country will have a naval force of about 165 ships, it is rather singular to note how closely this accords with the axiom laid down by an able writer in 1859, during the progress of the great revolution in the building of ships of war. "The national position should be that of the first naval power of the world—the comparison involving all the fleets or navies which singly or in combination could dispute or overthrow that position; anything less is to endanger the commercial supremacy which makes England wealthy, and to abandon the colonial imperialism which makes her great. The standard should be a hundred screw line-of-battle ships, sixty or seventy powerful frigates, and smaller craft in proportion." When we consider that Great Britain is now spending fourteen to fifteen million pounds sterling each year for the protection of the commerce and merchant marine of the Empire, and that not one penny of this vast sum is expected from Canada in spite of her large share of such marine, truly we may congratulate ourselves on belonging to such an Empire.

Canada and Naval Defence.

There is, however, a strong feeling among many of our people that such a dependent position is not calculated to foster national manliness. While as

a struggling crown colony, the interests of Canada were practically those of Great Britain, the revenue controlled by Imperial officers, and a natural preference given to an almost exclusive trade between the two countries, the employment of an army and navy for defence of things colonial at Britain's sole expense, was but natural. But things are now materially changed. Canada is a nation with practical self-government, possessing public works of great value and importance; with a railway system unsurpassed—nay, scarcely equalled throughout the world; with a registered shipping, ranking high up in the merchant marine of the world; and with many other signs of present power and future greatness. While the present state of things with regard to naval defence is certainly satisfactory from a financial point of view, it tends to discourage that feeling of pride which is coupled with the payment of one's debts. Many think that the levying of a small tax on each vessel (proportionate to tonnage) registered in Canadian ports would not be out of the way, the amount so collected to be paid to the Imperial Treasury as our contribution towards naval expense. Such a tax might be a very small one, and would come lightly on the pockets of ship-owners, but it would establish the fact that this country felt itself big enough to contribute something toward the family exchequer, and felt ashamed to any longer receive entirely gratuitous help from the maternal pocket; it would also give a greater right to Canadian ships to invoke the aid of Imperial vessels in cases of necessity. One thing is perfectly sure, that the expense involved by such a grant would be but a drop in the bucket compared with the outlay necessary for defence of our shipping were we an entirely independent nation.

The Snowstorms in England.

We trust that the extraordinary specimens of winter weather experienced in Great Britain during the season now closing will not confound such vagaries with the calm and steady weather to be found at its best on Canadian soil. The English yokel, thinking of emigration, and remembering his late bitter experiences of snow and frost at home, may be apt to shudderingly turn away from the thought of making his future home in a land where snow and ice constitute a large percentage of the visible objects during at least three months of the year. Few people in good health, who spend a year or two in Canada, wish to return to the dreary drizzle of an English winter, to exchange the brightness and cheer of steady yet moderate cold, with all the peculiar means of recreation such affords, for an average of rain, mist and depression, varied occasionally by violent outbursts of ice, snow and sleet which invariably come when people are totally unprepared for them. The officials in the Canadian Government office in London should be taking active steps towards counteracting such impressions unfavourable to this country; it is not at all unlikely that the Emigration agencies of hotter countries will use the recent storms as a lever towards diverting emigration from British North America.

Unnecessary Political Zeal.

Every one, except the paid political "heeler," will rejoice that suspense is a thing of the past, and that the Ship of State can once more go on the even tenor of her way. Whatever one's opinion may be as to the need or desirability of a change of Government, they cannot now effect the situation one iota; and the sooner all humbug and discussion is eliminated from the party press on the question of the exact strength of the Tory majority, the sooner will they be able to work in the lines of their true and only mission—to give the public some information both novel and beneficial. How many columns during the past week have been wasted on dreary attempts to prove that the majority is ten or fifteen less or more than the writers in their inmost souls know to be actually the case. *Cui bono?* One Quebec paper out-Heroded Herod in elaborate statements that the Liberals really were in the majority; but this was too much, even for Quebec, and all united in snubbing this exuberance of party loyalty.

The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SECOND SERIES.

- 7.—Quote mention of a shipwreck on Lake Ontario; give date and particulars.
- 8.—Where is narrated the escape of a prisoner destined to be burnt?
- 9.—Quote the paragraph mentioning a suicide occurring on the stage of a theatre.
- 10.—Give details of the instance cited of a frontier being kept neutral in war?
- 11.—Where is mention made of a new literary organization in a city in the West of England?
- 12.—Quote the expression or expressions relative to the low standard of morality in Buenos Ayres?

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 139 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January and February.

The third series of Questions will be given in our issue of 28th March.

OUR ENGRAVINGS

shown in our engraving is a typical one of our winter scenery; and the imposing dome of St. Peter's Cathedral in the distance adds a charm to the view.

TOTEM POLES AND HOUSES OF BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS.—These illustrations represent the totem poles (or tribal emblems) and huts seen in certain Indian villages in Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands, B.C. The villages are those of Alert Bay (north coast of Vancouver) and Skidegate and Massett on Graham Island, the most northerly of the Queen Charlotte group. The inhabitants of Alert Bay belong to the Kwakwaka'wakw people, and are of the Nimkish tribe; those of the Queen Charlotte villages to the Haida Indian nation. Much similarity exists between the Kwakwaka'wakw and the Haida tribes. On the special subjects of our illustrations, the carved totem poles and houses, we cannot do better than quote from the writings of Dr. G. M. Dawson, of the Geological Survey, who has made a special and minute study of the two races. Speaking of the homes of the Kwakwaka'wakw people, he says:—

The villages consist usually of a single row of

are not nearly so numerous nor so large or artistic in design as among that people. Such examples of posts of this kind as occur are almost invariably separate from the houses, and no instance of a carved post forming the door of a house was seen in any of the villages. These carved posts are divided by the Indians into two classes, those outside the house being named *tla-us*, those inside the house *tla-elh*. Carved posts of the last named kind, generally those which support the ponderous main beams of the roof, are rather common in the Kwakwaka'wakw village. The designs are frequently grotesque and the carving generally very rude. The ends of the main beams which project at the front of the house are also not unfrequently carved. Large painted designs, generally in black and red, though often with the addition of blue and other colours, are common in the fronts of houses. These are the usual conventional or heraldic style-involved, but often neatly executed. Such designs include the thunder-bird, the monsters *Tla-akish* or *Si-si-oohl*, salmon, whales, "coppers," etc.

And in writing of the Haida race he describes their villages as follows:—

The villages are not infrequently on bleak, exposed rocky coasts or islands, though generally placed with care, so as to allow of landing in canoes even in stormy weather. The houses may stand on a flat, elevated a few feet above the high tide mark, and facing seaward on a sandy or gravelly beach, on which canoes can be drawn up. The houses are arranged side by side, either in contact or with spaces of greater or less width between them. A space is left between the fronts of the houses and the edge of the bank, which serves for a street, and also for the erection of the various carved posts, and for temporary fish-drying stages, etc. Here, also, any canoes are placed which it is not desired to use for some time, and are carefully covered with matting and boughs to protect them from the sun, by which they might be warped or cracked. As a rough average, it may be stated that there are at least two carved posts for each house, and these, when the village is first seen from a distance, give it the aspect of a patch of burnt forest with bare, bristling tree-stems. The houses themselves are not painted, and soon assume a uniform inconspicuous grey colour, or become green or overgrown with moss and weeds, owing to the dampness of the climate. The cloud of smoke generally hovering over the village in calm weather, may serve to identify it. Two rows of houses are occasionally formed, where the area selected is contracted. No special arrangement of houses according to rank or precedence appears to obtain, and the house of the chief may be either in the centre of the row or at the end. Each house generally accommodates several families, in our sense of the term; which are related together, and under the acknowledged guidance of the elder to whom the house is reputed to belong, and who is really a minor chief, of greater or less importance in the tribe or village, according to the amount of his property and number of his people. In front of one or more of the principal houses platforms are often found, on which a group of people may be found squatting in conversation or engaged in their interminable gambling game. The forest of carved posts in front of the village, each of them representing a great expenditure of property and exertion, doubtless presents to the naked eye a grand and awe-inspiring appearance and brings to the mind a sense of probably mysterious import, which possibly does not in reality exist. Behind the dwelling houses, or toward one end of the village and not far removed from it, are the small houses or sheds in which the dead are placed, or pairs of posts supporting a hollowed beam which contains the body.

It must be borne in mind that the above interesting details are of races which are fast dying out and will soon become extinct. The study of their history and of their modes of life are therefore well worth the close attention of our literary and scientific people.

A SCENE ON THE RICHELIEU.—Of the many beautiful views about Sorel, few excel that to be obtained on a bright day in the late autumn from the western shore of the Richelieu near its junction with the St. Lawrence. At that time of the year most of the river steamboats are laid up for the winter, and their home until the next spring being just inside the mouth of the Richelieu, the scene is an uncommon one.

The Penny Postage Jubilee is very suitably signalized as an event worthy of honour by Mr. William Westoby's Descriptive Catalogue of all Postage Stamps of the United Kingdom and Ireland" (Sampson, Low & Co). This is a book that should appeal to many readers who are not ardent philatelists. It is full of curious information and admirably illustrated.



MRS. E. SPENCER LARGE.

houses ranged along the edge of the beach and facing the sea. The houses are generally large, and are used as dwelling places by two or more families, each occupying a corner, which is closed in by temporary partitions of split cedar planks, six or eight feet in height, or by a screen of cloth on one or two sides. Each family has, as a rule, its own fire, with cedar planks laid down near it to sit and sleep on. When, however, they are gathered in the houses of smaller and ruder construction, at summer fishing places, etc., a single fire may serve for a whole household. The household effects and property of the inmates are piled up round the walls, or stowed away in the little cupboard-like partitioned spaces at the sides or back of the house. Above the fire belonging to each family is generally a frame of poles or slips of cedar, upon which clothes may be hung to dry, and dried fish or dried clams are stored in the smoke. Eating is a perpetually recurring occupation, and smoke appears to ooze out by every chink and cranny of the roofs of the large houses, the whole upper part of which is generally filled with it. The houses of the Kwakwaka'wakw are not so large or so well constructed as those of the Haida, though if Vancouver's representations of them are to be accepted as accurate, they are more commodious and better built than in his time. The introduction of metal tools may have produced a change of that kind. Wood-carving is practised, but not so extensively as among the Haida, and carved totem-posts

MRS. E. SPENCER LARGE.—The lady whose likeness appears in this week's issue is the widow of the late Rev. T. A. Large, B.A., whose death at the hands of murderers in Tokyo, Japan, on the night of the 4th of April, 1890, has not yet been forgotten by the Canadian public. Mrs. Large was born in Toronto, and is the daughter of the late Rev. Jas. Spencer, M.A. Before entering the mission work in Japan, Mrs. Large had been for several years engaged in teaching in Manitoba. She taught in the Methodist College in Winnipeg, also in St. John's Ladies College. She organized and taught the first public school in the town of Selkirk, Man. Successful as she was in this, it was not what she desired as her life work, and when the call came for her to enter the mission work she gladly responded. Leaving her home in Paris, Ont., in January, 1885, she arrived safely in Japan, and on February 26 entered upon her duties as principal of the Ladies College in connection with the Methodist mission in that land. The success attendant upon her labours in this school shows how eminently qualified she was for the position. In the summer of 1887 she was married to the Rev. T. A. Large, M.A., who was a teacher in the Boys' College in connection with the same mission. The incidents of the terrible tragedy which resulted in the death of Mr. Large and the severe wounding of his wife have been published too recently to need retelling here. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Large at that time and since displayed a Christian heroism and bravery that called forth the deepest admiration and sympathy for her wherever the tidings of the tragedy were known. As soon as her strength permitted, Mrs. Large returned to Canada on a year's furlough, accompanied by her infant daughter, a bright little girl of two years. Mrs. Large bears the marks of the struggle with her husband's murderers in the form of a deep scar down the right side of her face and the loss of two fingers of her right hand. The shock to her nervous system was so severe that she has only partially recovered from it as yet. It is her most earnest desire to regain her strength so that she may return during the coming summer to Japan and enter again upon the work to which she is devotedly attached, and spend her life, if possible, in the land made sacred to her by the death of her beloved husband.

THE MOAT, ISLE-AUX-NOIX.—In previous numbers of this journal (Nos. 126 and 128) are given illustrations and full particulars of this now deserted fortress. We now present a good view of a corner of the moat, at the southern end of the island. The fort is completely surrounded by this broad ditch, which would prove of considerable value in assisting to resist an attack.

SCENE ON THE NANAIMO RIVER, B.C.—This beautiful stream forms the outlet for Nanaimo Lake, a small sheet of water in Vancouver Island, and runs into the Gulf of Georgia. The river is noted chiefly for its proximity to the busy little city of Nanaimo, now well known for its coal mining industries. Nanaimo has a population of from 5,000 to 7,000; it possesses churches of every denomination, public schools, and institutions usual to every city. There is a large and excellent harbour, and immense quantities of coal are carried to all coast points and to many foreign ports. It is 70 miles from Victoria, and has rail connection with that city.

WINTER VIEW IN BELMONT PARK, MONTREAL.—This quiet little park is a veritable *rus in urbe*, and we think that we are safe in saying that its existence is practically unknown to strangers. It is private property, conveniently situated at the end of Belmont street, and contains a number of beautiful private residences of that substantial type adopted in the better class of Montreal houses. The view



WINTER SCENE IN BELMONT PARK, MONTREAL.
Mr. Holden, Amateur photo

THE WEDDING RING.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Author of "THE SHADOW OF THE SWORD," "GOD AND THE MAN," "STORMY WATERS," ETC., ETC.,

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"Well," he said, "perhaps so, if ye'd rather not. Good-bye, old pard."

"Good-bye. My love to the boys. God bless 'em all. I shan't forget 'em, however the luck goes."

They grasped hands and parted.

An hour after news came to the saloon that Jake had started. As they stood about, discussing the tragedy of the last three days, a red glare shone through the windows of the bar-room. It grew momentarily brighter, and cries and shouts came from its neighbourhood.

The men trooped out, and ran towards it. Before they had advanced a hundred yards, Jake's partner cried:

"It's Jake's shanty. He must ha' fired it 'fore he left."

CHAPTER XVII.—A LIFE CHASE.

For many a day after that wild parting the mind of Jake Owen seemed a dark blank, lit up only by the fiery thought of revenge.

As a man moves from place to place in sleep, performing every function with strange mechanical certainty and under the influence of some mysterious will, yet knowing and remembering now, the miserable creature followed on the track of Jess and her companion. From city to city, from house to house, he passed like a shadow; sometimes gaining a false clue which drew him hopelessly hither and thither, at others absolutely certain that he was pursuing the right trail. He ate and drank, walked or slept, like any other creature; his manner was gentle and reserved towards all he met, only his fixed jaw and absent eyes expressing the determination on which his soul was set.

He reached Denver City, and there, by cunning inquiry, he learned news which placed him almost beyond doubt that his wife and Mordaunt had rested together for several days at one of the best hotels in the place, and had then, only twenty-four hours before his arrival, taken the night cars for New York.

He followed on at once, and in due course, after a long and dreary journey, arrived in the great city. Here, however, he lost all trace of the fugitives; they were swallowed up in that great sea of human beings.

Convinced in his own mind that New York had been their destination, and that they were somewhere there in hiding, he haunted the streets daily, made inquiries at the principal hotels, and was down on the quays, with watchful, bloodshot eyes, whenever there was an outgoing steamer—for it was possible, he thought, that the guilty pair might endeavour to put the seas between themselves and their pursuers.

All was in vain. Days passed into weeks, and he was still without a clue.

Meantime his hungry passion for revenge was consuming him like fire, wasting the flesh from off his bones, devouring and destroying him, so that he was grey and old before his time. He had but one thought and prayer, to find the woman and her paramour, and to destroy them without mercy. Sometimes when he feared his life might fail before that dreadful purpose was achieved, he sobbed to himself in agony, and prayed God to give him strength till the hour of retribution.

The wistful, childlike face of the wife he had loved was ever before his eyes, side by side with the mocking, smiling face of Mordaunt. He could not bear to think that the two were somewhere together, laughing perhaps at his misery.

This torture of a nature overstrung by misery could not last for ever. One day, as he was standing on the quays, watching, one by one, the passengers streaming across the gangway on to the deck of a great ocean steamer, his force failed him, his heart seemed to burst in two, and he fell like a stone.

It would have been merciful if death had taken him then, and had spared him the torture which was to come. However, he did not die. A little later he was tossing fever-struck in one of the wards of a great hospital.

Terrible as his position was now, it was tempered with a certain mercy, for often in his delirium his mind went back to the past and seemed to forget the present. He talked with his old wild comrades at the mine; he spoke to them of the pretty bride who was coming to him from England; he was in the streets of Frisco waiting for her arrival; he was being married to her again as in the past. Then a wave of despair would seem to sweep over him, and he would shriek out and stab at some unknown enemy, until in his agony he would swoon utterly away.

Had the man not been made of iron fibre, he would certainly have died; but full of superhuman strength he fought inch by inch with death.

"If he recovers," thought the kindly surgeons of the hospital, "he will be a madman all the rest of his life."

The prognostication proved a false one, unless we are to assume that one murderous master-passion is in itself a proof of madness. He recovered, and he was *not* mad—that is, he was to all outward seeming rational enough. Questioned of the trouble which seemed to possess his soul, he answered quietly and cunningly, declining all explanation. But he was eager to be gone, and after a rapid convalescence left the hospital and, like a blind man grasping for the light, passed out into the street.

He remembered little of the past, but the thought of his wrong was still clear and vivid. His furious excitement seemed to have passed away, he no longer moaned and raved as during his fierce agony, but there was no failure of his purpose, as he searched hither and thither to ascertain if, during his illness, the fugitives had escaped him.

Nearly two months had now passed since Jess Owen and Mordaunt had fled from Jacob's Flat.

It was quite clear now to Jake Owen that he had been following a fool's trail, and that the persons he sought were not in New York at all—possibly had never come so far. Had they been in the city some trace of them must have been found, for he had spared neither toil nor money to unearth them. Mordaunt's personal peculiarities, he knew, would mark him out in any company. If in New York, they would certainly have been heard of in the public places, yet every bar, drinking saloon, hotel, or gambling haunt had been searched in vain.

Poor Jake was stupefied, unable to decide what to do, or whither to turn.

He took lodgings now in a rough place, half beer-house, half hotel, but regularly every day he made the pilgrimage across the river to New York. Then, strangely enough, he thought for the first time of consulting a lawyer, and wandering one day by the Tombs he entered the dingy, dirty offices tenanted by the great firm of criminal practitioners, Messrs. Hawk & Fourmart. He sent in his name, and after waiting for nearly an hour in the company of divers evil-looking clients, was ushered into the presence of Mr. Hawk, the senior partner, a little keen-eyed gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

Mr. Hawk knew everybody and everything; he was at once the smartest and most disreputable legal practitioner in the State.

Jake told his story. The lawyer, after listening patiently, looked him from head to foot, observed his haggard, almost hungry-looking countenance and his equally woe-begone apparel, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's a difficult job," he said, "and can't be done without spending a heap of dollars."

Jake's eyes gleamed. Thrusting his hand into

the breast of his coat, he drew out a handful of greenbacks, and slapped them down on the table.

"Don't let that stop ye!" he said, hoarsely. "I can pay for what I want—only just you tell me this: Can I find the man I want?"

Mr. Hawk looked less dubious.

"You are certain they've not left the country?" he asked.

"No," was the reply; "I'm certain of nowt but this—that I'll find 'em, dead or alive."

"And then? What course would you propose to take? A divorce, certainly."

"A divorce!" echoed Jake. "Yes, a divorce, if you like to call it that." Then putting his face to the lawyer's, he said, "I mean to *kill* 'em; that's the kind o' divorce I'm after."

Mr. Hawk pursed his lips, glanced at the bundle of greenbacks, and smiled.

"You'll think better of that, my man," he observed blandly. "However, your future course of action is no business of mine. What you ask us to do is to find out a certain person or persons. Well, I'll do my best."

Jake grasped his hand.

"Now, describe the man Mordaunt as accurately as possible."

Jake did so, and the sense of his great wrong made him eloquently pictorial. He imitated Mordaunt's voice and gestures, described his character and general bearing to the life.

Mr. Hawk reflected.

"I believe I have seen the man you describe," he said, quietly. "He conversed with me, as you are doing, in this very office."

Jake gasped and almost staggered, while his eyes gleamed with eager anticipation.

"But that," the lawyer continued, "was over a year ago, before the unhappy episode you have been describing. He was then acting, under another name, at the Bowery Theatre. A thorough rascal! We did some business for him—got him out of some gambling trouble—and he rewarded us by declining to pay our costs."

CHAPTER XVIII.—ON THE TRACK.

Jake Owen left the web of the legal spider with a certain sense of relief. He had heard wonderful reports of the amazing cleverness of Mr. Hawk (that charmingly disinterested gentleman had only asked a small advance of five hundred dollars for expenses), and he was impressed in his dull, stolid way by the lawyer's promises of ultimate success. He went back to his lodging, ate a good meal, and then slept soundly—for the first time during several days. He would wait patiently till the good news came.

As Jake Owen was on his way homeward, there was being dispatched from New York to Nokota Town, a small settlement some forty miles up the Hudson River, a telegram to the following effect:—

"You had better see us at once. Serious business. Hawk & Fourmart."

The telegram was addressed to

"Mr. Horace N. Stoddard,

Black's Hotel,

Nokota Town."

Early the next day Mr. Horace N. Stoddard, *alias* Mordaunt, elegantly attired in winter costume and sealskin overcoat, entered Mr. Hawk's office.

"I am eternally grateful," he said, after hearing Mr. Hawk's account of the interview with Jake Owen. "The man is a ruffian, and I shall adopt measures of self-protection."

"I think you had better," returned the lawyer, "or you're a dead man. By the way, what are you doing now?"

"Helping the man Black to run his hotel, and playing cards with his customers. But I'm tired of it, I've thrown it up, and I sail for England in three weeks."

"You are a remarkable man, Mr. Stoddard," said Mr. Hawk admiringly, yet facetiously. "Your talents will be wasted in the old country."

Mr. Stoddard, *alias* Mordaunt, smiled.

"I can return the compliment," he replied.

"Arcades ambo, eh?"

"And this woman, is she with you?"

"No, she has left me."

And he drew out a pocket handkerchief, and sighed.

"Left you? Since when?"

"About a month ago. That is to say, we had differences. She was one of those dreadfully retrospective persons who eternally reproach themselves and everybody—quite what the French call a *pleureuse*. It bored me. I suggested at last that she could not do better than return to her husband. She made a scene. A few nights afterwards she disappeared. Poor girl, I hope she hasn't done anything foolish. The river is close by, and women of that temperament have a fascination for running water."

Even Mr. Hawk, though he belonged to the vulture species, was not quite hardened enough to be edified by words so cruelly flippant and pitiless.

"Make certain of one thing," he said sharply, "this man, if he ever finds you, will kill you."

"He will try," returned the other coolly, fingering the breast of his overcoat. "But I always carry arms, and am a good shot. Honestly, I am very sorry for poor Jake. Had I thought that he would have taken the affair so much to heart, and that it would have entailed such an infinity of trouble on myself, I should never have disturbed his domestic hallucinations."

"You sail in three weeks, you say?"

"Yes."

"Avoid New York till then. I'll keep the man busy."

"Good. By the way, Hawk, I owe you a small account."

"Which you will settle within a fortnight from to-day," said Mr. Hawk, affably.

"Must I? Well, as you please, though I'm not all over money. You may rely upon me."

After a few words more the two separated.

As Mordaunt left the office, Mr. Hawk thus soliloquised—

"If the rascal attempts to sail without a settlement I'll put this madman on him. He deserves it, the infernal scoundrel! But if he pays—well! I never approve of extreme measures."

Mordaunt, on his side, strolling quietly back to the railway station, soliloquised also.

"I don't trust my friend the vulture, and I don't mean to pay him. He little guesses my passage is taken under an *alias* in the Mesopotamia, which sails in ten days from now."

Two days passed, and Jake heard nothing from Mr. Hawk. Then, fierce and impatient, he called again at the offices.

"I was just going to write to you," said the lawyer. "I think we have got a clue. There is a man living in Philadelphia who answers the description, and he is accompanied by a female, whom he calls his wife."

Jake tottered and staggered, while Mr. Hawk, with well-simulated sympathy, gave him the address of a Philadelphia hotel. Jake clutched it wildly, and made for the door.

"Take care what you do!" cried Mr. Hawk warningly.

Jake made no answer, but turned a livid face on the lawyer, and vanished. Hastening to the depot, he ascertained that there were no through cars to Philadelphia till the evening, so that he had several hours to spare. So he went to his lodging, strolled into the drinking bar, and carelessly took up an old newspaper. He was looking at it almost vacantly, turning his eyes from column to column, and scarcely knowing what to read, when his face went deathly pale, and he reeled on his seat like a drunken man. For staring him in the face, as if written in letters of blood, were these words:

"Personal. If this should meet the eyes of Jake Owen, of Jacob's Flat, let him come to New York, and inquire of the Janitor of the — Hospital, New York City. He will hear news of one for whom he is seeking, and who prays for his forgiveness."

The next minute Jake was in the street, hurrying up town in the direction of the hospital, one devoted entirely to patients of the female sex. He reached the place at midnight, rang the bell, and told his errand. The janitor at the door informed him that his wife was a patient there, but that it was impossible to see her at that hour—he must

return next morning between visiting hours.

"See her?" he shrieked, losing all self-control.

"I will see her, by —!"

A terrible scene ensued—the officers were summoned, and Jake was about to be ejected, when one of the physicians came upon the scene.

"Don't send the man away," he said, "if he is, as he says, the woman's husband. I don't think she'll last out the night. My man," he added to Jake, "I must ask you, if we grant your request, to be very quiet. Nothing can save your wife—she is dying!"

"Dying!" It seemed at that moment as if a thunderbolt had fallen on Jake Owen's head. He was dumb with horror and despair.

The rest the reader already knows from Jake's own confession to Barbara. The last meeting of husband and wife, the scene in the dim light of the hospital ward, the last forgiveness and farewell, the quiet burial in the heart of the great city are pictures already dimly guessed at, and not to be lingered over without pain. A few days later the broken man stood over his wife's grave, and lifting up his haggard face to Heaven swore to continue his search for the man who had destroyed them both. Further interviews with the firm of Hawk & Fourmart proved of no avail. Mr. Hawk could not, or would not, help him, and strongly advised him to return in peace to Jacob's Flat. What was his astonishment one morning, therefore, to receive a message from Mr. Hawk, asking him to call at once.

He hastened down to the office.

"I think your man is found," said Mr. Hawk, "and I will give you his address on one assurance—that you do not contemplate any violence."

"No!" cried Jake. "Give me the writing—I only want to look at him, that's all."

"If you only want to *look* at him," said Mr. Hawk, smiling, "go at once to Black's Hotel, Nokota Town, on the Hudson River, and enquire for Mr. H. N. Stoddard. I should advise you to lose no time, as Mr. Stoddard, *alias* Mordaunt, is about to depart for the old country."

Jake rushed from the office, while Mr. Hawk, with a very ugly look in his eyes, reflected to himself.

"I think it would have been wiser, my friend, to pay *our* debt and so escape *his*. The firm of Hawk & Fourmart are longsighted, and it is not on record that they were ever swindled, even by so clever a man as you."

The meaning of which was that the astute Mr. Hawk, by means best known to himself, had ascertained that his elegant client had lied to him, and was going, without any ceremonies of settlement or farewell, to sail for Europe on the Mesopotamia.

That night, amid a storm of wind and rain, Jake Owen arrived in Nokota Town, a dismal collection of buildings on the banks of the Hudson.

He had no difficulty in finding the house he sought, for there was only one hotel in the place. Striding into the place, and keeping his passion well under control, he inquired for Mr. H. N. Stoddard.

The landlord, a lank, cadaverous person, smoking a long and damp cigar, instantly replied:

"I guess you come too late, for he ain't here, and, what's more, I don't want to know any more of him. He's left, and he's a good riddance."

Thereupon, rendered voluble by liquor, Mr. Black enlarged upon Mr. Stoddard's manners and peculiarities in such a way as to make it perfectly clear, even to Jake's dazed mind, that this same Stoddard was the very man he sought. He had been Mr. Black's confidential manager and adviser for some months, and had left that very day, leaving behind him a strong odour of what in America is called "Smartness" and in England petty larceny.

"And where's he gone," cried Jake Owen, in despair.

"I calculate," said Mr. Black, "that he's taking ship for Europe, and you bet I hope he'll stay there!"

Jake stood close to the inner door of the hotel, the upper part of which door was paned with plate glass. No sooner did he hear the landlord's last words than he uttered a fierce shriek, and dashed

his clenched fist through the glass in his rush to leave the place.

Cries and curses followed him, but he did not turn. Wild and bareheaded, he rushed out again into the night.

Could he only take the villain by the throat and cast him into the gutter, and stamp his heel upon his face, and crush that pretty barber's block into pulp—could he only make him a thing that men would shun and women loathe.

"Hark! what is that?"

The whistle of a steam engine in the distance.

Beside him, within a stone's throw, stands a desolate railway station, not the one at which he alighted an hour or two ago. How many miles he has walked he does not know, nor does he care to enquire. With a bound he springs into the booking office, obtains a ticket for New York, and is just in time to catch the passing cars.

The railway people take note of his wild appearance, his blood-stained hand and arm, his matted hair, his haggard eyes, his clothes saturated with the rain, his torn coat and soiled linen. They evidently take him for a madman or a murderer, and they telegraph to New York accordingly.

The chief constable and a couple of police officers await his arrival; when he steps out he is arrested.

In vain he struggles, in vain he demands to know the offence with which he is charged. The only answer he can get is:

"Time enough, you will know by-and-by."

Fortunately for him, and still more fortunately for the man of whom he is in pursuit, some civic ceremony takes place that day at the docks, the police-court is not open, and he is relegated to the lockup until to-morrow.

It is well that he is mad only on one point. Were it otherwise, the humiliation and disgrace to which he is now subjected would surely upset the balance of his reason. The all-engrossing object for which he lives, however, endows him with more than a madman's cunning. He hides his rage, and affects a settled calm he does not feel.

Besides, if his enemy could learn; if he should escape him now when he is so near him—so near his revenge! The previous night and its attendant horrors have begun to tell upon him. He is faint from loss of blood. He asks for a doctor and obtains one.

Evidently this gentleman is under the impression that his patient is mad. While his wounds are being dressed the Police Inspector cautions him that anything he says may hereafter be used as evidence against him, so he remains discreetly silent.

The doctor takes his leave, promising to send a composing draught.

Nature begins to assert herself, he is absolutely hungry.

His purse, of which the Inspector has taken charge, contains a large amount of greenbacks, and he is graciously permitted to order his dinner and to smoke a pipe. While he smokes, he is feasting his eyes with the prospect of his enemy beneath his feet, his heel, his iron heel always on the scoundrel's sneering face.

How strange it is with this fever, this ravenous thirst for blood on him, he can eat, drink, and even sleep—sleep without dreaming.

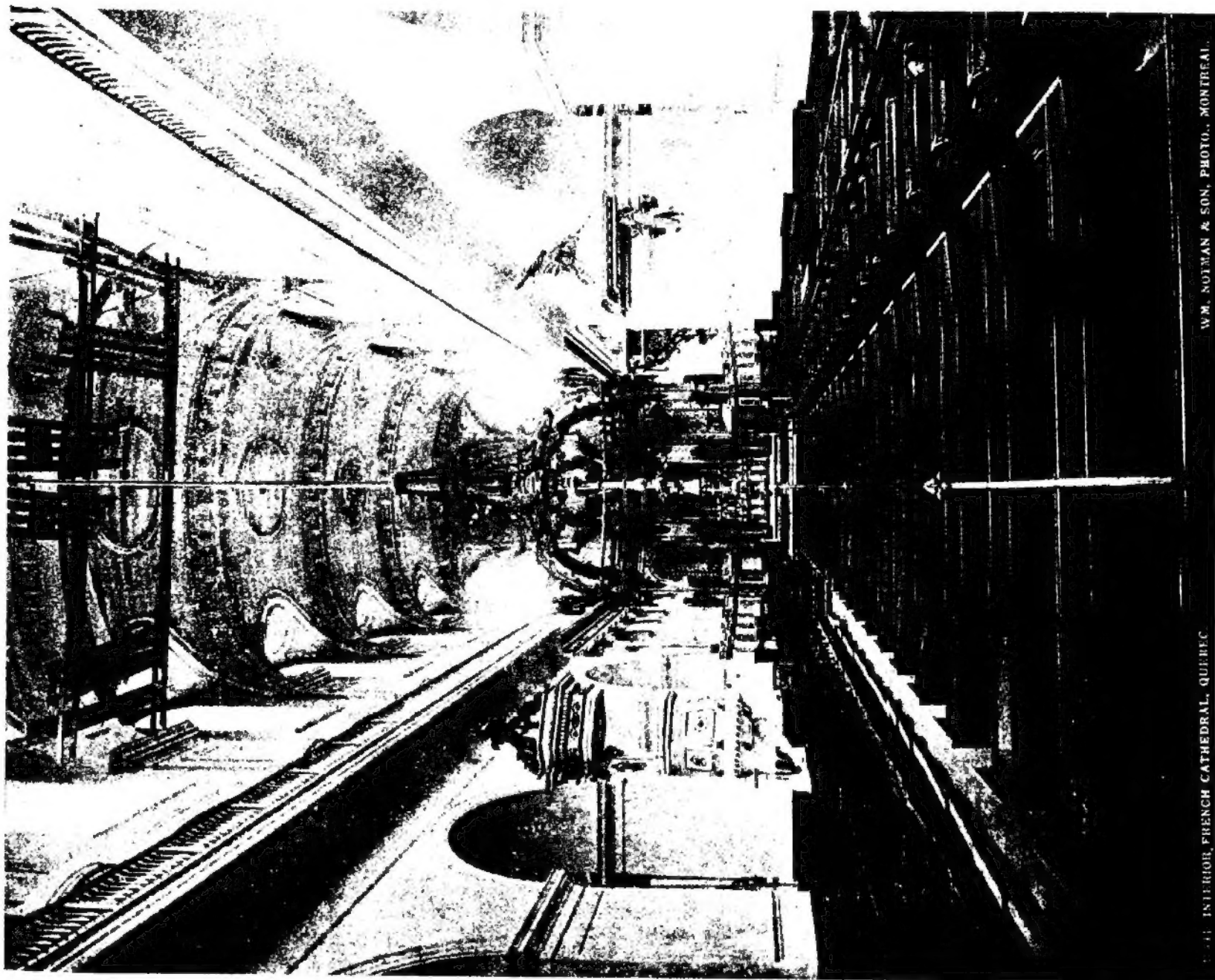
He had always led a temperate and abstemious life—so that it is not to be wondered at that he awoke refreshed, strong and vigorous. At first he knows not where he is, or how he came there, but at the sight of his wounded hand all came back upon him. Again his blood boils, again the devil takes possession of him.

And now a happy idea occurred to him. He sent a message to Mr. Hawk, explaining his position—the result justified his confidence, for no sooner was he brought before the "judge," or sitting magistrate, than he was discharged with caution.

Mr. Hawk knew how to manage these things wonderfully.

He was free! And perhaps there was yet time. As he walked out into the street he found the lawyer by his side.

(To be continued.)

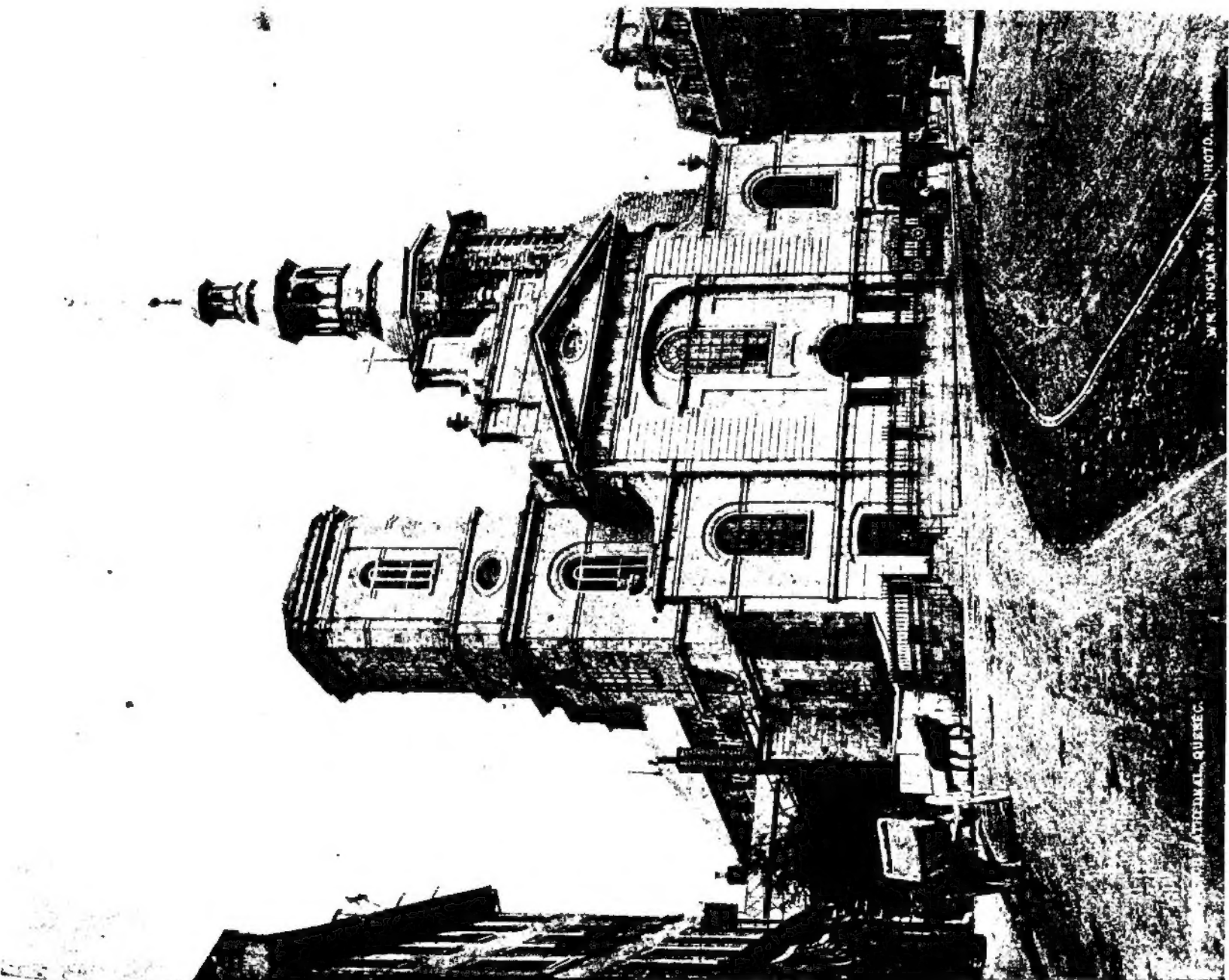


WM. NOTMAN & SON, PHOTO., MONTREAL.

INTERIOR.

THE BASILICA, OR ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, QUEBEC.
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

CANADIAN CHURCHES. III.



WM. NOTMAN & SON, PHOTO., MONTREAL.

EXTERIOR.



TORONTO, March, 1891.

▷ Toronto has voted \$2,000 towards the relief of the sufferers through the Springhill mining disaster. Would that we could have made it \$20,000.

A volume of songs set to music and dedicated to children is a new departure, but the "children of Canada" are thus distinguished by one of our prominent musicians and music-masters, Mr. Theo. Martens. The little work contains eighteen Canadian lyrics of patriotism, and is published by Isaac Suckling & Sons, of this city. It is entitled "Canadian National and Patriotic Songs," and is beautifully got up. Some of the numbers are already well-known, as "Canada, Land of the Maple Tree," and "God Preserve our Native Land." It would be well for our Canadian song-writers to pay a little more attention to the scanning of their lines, so that the redundant syllable and the imperfect accent find no place there. A halting rhythm or a short measure is ill-concealed by straining the music to cover the flaw. Moreover, it is a bad literary example to set before youth.

The great baritone, Charles Santley, is coming to Toronto after visiting you, and gives us "Elijah" and "Eve." He is sure of a magnificent reception here, the taste for oratorio having been well developed in our people by the excellent work they get from the Philharmonic and the several associations that emulate each other in the rendering of high class music. Moreover, we have a strong infusion of English residents who have brought with them educated tastes in the same direction, and have a knowledge of Mr. Santley, which will make them part of his audience. A miscellaneous concert—that will give us an opportunity of hearing Mr. Santley in the ballad, it is to be hoped—is announced. The most beautiful thing I ever heard Sims Reeves sing, and I have heard him in most of the oratorios of his day, was "Twas on a Sunday Morning" at a Harrison morning concert.

The very excellent association under the presidency of Mrs. Dignam, called "The Woman's Art Club," held an "evening" in the lecture room of Association Hall on the 23rd. The arrangements were in keeping with the name of the club, and a very pleasant evening was spent by the members and their friends. Mr. Bernard McEvoy delivered an address on "The Artistic Temperament," a subject deserving attention in days when it is gravely announced by public educators that it is as easy for every child to learn drawing as writing, a diction that is responsible for the innumerable art "schools" and "classes" that are constantly springing up and inflicting upon us daubs and daubers by the score, so that life at times becomes a burden.

The Architectural Sketch Club is doing a good work by giving our young architects an opportunity of listening to lectures and of comparing notes, which they never enjoyed before. While they cultivate the beautiful, it is to be hoped they will not neglect the practical, which, after all, is the more important part of their profession. A collapsed building, an example of which we had lately, happily without loss of life, shows an ignorance of the strength of material or other initial fault which no beauty of form and finish can atone for.

Rev. Dean Carmichael delivered his lecture on "A Royal Rough Diamond" before a highly appreciative audience at All Saints the other evening. The high class lectures in our church school-houses are becoming a regular thing, and are certainly better appreciated by the intelligence of the community than the everlasting church concerts, so trying to get up and so poor in standard—necessarily so—that were the staple of church winter recreation until lately.

Mr. J. G. Carter Troop delivered his lecture on "Lord Beaconsfield" in St. George's school-house last week to an

excellent audience, notwithstanding the presence of Sir John A. in the city and seas of mud. Mr. Troop repeated his lecture at Trinity College on the 28th ult.

An offer has been made Toronto University by an English gentleman, of a MS. copy of the "Roman de Rou et des Ducs de Normandie" in Anglo-Norman, by Robert Wace. The edition is very scarce, indeed, and it is needless to say that so generous an offer has been gladly accepted. The copy is to be made on hand-made Eastman paper, double-quarto; and, without the biographies, genealogies, etc., that form part of the book, will fill at least four hundred sheets.

Mr. Lepoy's paper, "The British versus the American System of National Government," read before the Toronto branch of the Imperial Federation League, December 18th, 1890, has just been issued from the press of Williamson & Co. Price, 25c. The writer, who is an Oxford M.A., uses authorities on both sides to state the vital differences in the forms of the two governments he compares. He shows, what will be a revelation to many, that the American system of government is a wholly irresponsible one—President, Secretary, Senate and Congress all acting independently of each other, and being so hedged round, if not with "divinity" yet with something equally potent, that "the people" are really nowhere. Mr. Lepoy also shows how little scope the American system gives for statesmanship, such men as the Brights, Gladstones, Disraelis and the Macdonalds and Blakes of our own country having no opportunity afforded them of showing their gifts as politicians. Even the Secretaries, who are the nearest approach to the Ministers in the British Cabinets, are tied hand and foot, and can neither construct nor carry out legislative measures.

The sad and sudden death of Lieut. Badgerow, Q.O.R., a son of County Crown Attorney Badgerow, was alluded to in many city pulpits on Sunday. Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., Church of the Redeemer, preached a touching sermon in memory of deceased, who has left behind him a record of Christian life and endeavour which is the only comfort the stricken find in their bereavements, and which becomes brighter and more precious as Time, the great healer, enables the mourners to take a more steady view of their sorrow.

S. A. CURZON.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

To point a moral and adorn a tale!
—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

What may be called the photographic smile is with the photographers an "institution," and may almost be said to be kept on file at photographic establishments. Now, there are many things that can be produced to order, but it is certainly not so easy to "look pleasant" to order. How is a man to look pleasant with the back of his head, as it were, in a pair of forceps; and probably feeling at the same time that he is making an ass of himself. On the contrary he usually looks as if he were in fear lest the camera should go off. But the photographer is an artist and not a philosopher, and so he blandly tells us to look pleasant. Some few there are whose smiles come easy, and they delight the photographer with a smile that is childlike and bland. Others of us wear an expression of extreme melancholy, which is sad enough to behold in a finished photograph; but which in a "proof" presents an appearance of the most woebegone description. We might doubt that such pictures represented us, were it not for the "proof" that is given us of the fact,—not always a convincing proof, however. After thirty sittings, a lady acquaintance succeeded in securing a photograph which as much resembled the witch of Endor, or the Queen of Sheba. After as many as thirty attempts to look pleasant, the result was discouraging.

Don't be too particular. An interesting little article in the last number of "All the Year Round," comes forward with that advice. To put the matter in a nutshell, it tells us not to be too particular nationally, sanctoriously, matrimonially or personally. In other words be patriotic, but not offensively or blindly so; be good, but do not

parade yourself as a martyr or consider it necessary at all times to be one on account of it; get married, but do not expect a perfect paradise anywhere this side of heaven; and take care of yourself, but do not be too particular. That is the gist of it. It would be difficult to hit upon any advice that would be more acceptable to the world, and I do not doubt the world will act upon it. If the readers of this journal do not agree with an occasional "point" in this column, let it pass; don't be too particular. The electors of Canada may have made a mistake on the 5th of March; let them have their way, you can't help it, don't be too particular. If the defeated candidate thinks there was bribery and corruption on the other side, he had better find out whether there might not have been a little on his own, and not be too particular about the other fellow. But seriously, the doctrine of not-being-too-particular is, perhaps, best expressed by the truism that rugged greatness is better than accurate minuteness. Put things in their proper proportions, and "don't be too particular" about comparatively unimportant things.

Whether literary criticism is of any real benefit, has been more than once called in question. There are three directions in which it might be expected to have some effect: upon the author, upon the reader, and upon literature in the abstract. The effect upon the author is weakened by some supposed animosity between critic and author, and further by the author's belief that the critic is himself incapable of producing such work as he presumes to criticise. And more than once the author has successfully turned the tables upon his critic. Upon the average reader the effect of literary criticism cannot be very great, for the reason that the average reader is not sufficiently versed in literary technique to understand the critic's objections. The effect of criticism upon literature itself is that by reiterating its standard it helps to establish it. Nevertheless, a severe criticism may be the making of a book. The world is disposed to look more favourably upon the author than upon the critic. Gentlemen of the latter ilk, although they may assume the airs of the immortal gods, are only human after all; and are as capable as the rest of us of such feelings as jealousy and the like.

March.

(From *The Ladies' Home Journal*.)

Light-footed March, wild maid of Spring,
Your frolic footsteps hither stray,
Smiles blent with tears will April bring—
'Tis April's sentimental way—
But your wild winds with laughter ring,
While young and old your will obey:
A moment here, then on the wing,
Coquettish March, what games you play!

I know a maid as blithe as you—
Child of the Ice-King and the Sun—
At her fair feet fond lovers woo;
She flouts and jeers them, every one:
And then she smiles—once more they sue;
Then blows she cold—they are undone:
Oh March! could you or she be true,
Then all were naught, so you were won.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

A Winter Lament.

Oh! maid most fair, I fain would sing
To thee a song of praise on paper;
Yet how can I, when wraps and furs
Conceal from view thy waist so taper?

Thy pretty face is hidden quite
By several thicknesses of veiling.
Thy feet in rubbers, hands in muff,
Turn my fond fancies into wailing.

I'll wait till spring, when thou'lt appear
In dainty little gloves and bonnet,
A gown that shows thy figure trim,
And then I will indite a sonnet.

—CORNELIA REDMOND in February *Owings*.

The Herald.

When fields lie mute, and frosts are here
To bind the streams, their well of cheer,
The robin comes with tuneful lay
To tell them of returning May.

When, at the fount, the streams that yield
Life's meed of joy, one day are sealed,
May some sweet herald to me bring
Message of awakening Spring!



THE MOAT, ISLE-AUX-NOIX, P. Q.

THE SQUIRE'S MISTAKE.

BY ADELINE SERGEANT.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

We were rich in the possession of a Squire as well as of an Earl at Underwood. The old Hall had been in existence some hundreds of years before the Airedales came into the parish; and the Squire naturally prided himself upon the superior antiquity of his house and family. He did not exactly look down upon the Earl, he was too good a Conservative for that; but he treated him, as it were, with a sort of genial patronage, as a man who was a little overweighted with a title which he had not exactly deserved.

The Squire—Harold Lester by name—was very old-fashioned in his notions. He still used the family coach, the great yellow chariot, that had been in existence for an unknown number of years; and he preserved some little peculiarities of dress, which are not now generally seen. For instance, he always wore a frill to his shirt when he was in evening dress, and silver buckles on his shoes. He had strong Conservative notions, moreover, about the necessity of keeping the lower classes in their places, and teaching them as little as possible, save to work with their hands, and courtesy, or touch their hats to their superiors. Gentlemen, he considered, were far above the common herd—above it in nobility of mind and thought, as well as in position. Well, poor old man, he had his crochets, and I am afraid many modern "gentlemen" would not answer to his ideal; but his standard was one which it would be well if every man, gentle or simple could adopt. For it was a standard of stainless honour, integrity, purity and unselfishness, such as would not disgrace a Bayard or a Gordon. And it was according to this high standard that he had trained his children, and to all appearance the result was highly satisfactory.

Dorothy Lester was one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen, but she was distinctly old-fashioned, when compared with other girls of the present day, such as my niece, Lisa Daintrey, or Cecil Charteris, the Rector's daughter. She could not play tennis, and she had never taken up any of the

modern fads about china painting and wood-carving. She performed very indifferently on the piano, and she did not paint in water-colours. She could sew, however, and she was learned in cookery and other domestic arts. I do not mean to say that she was deficient in intellectual power, but her talents were of a quiet, unassuming order, such as tended to the happiness of a home rather than the development of her mind. Her reading was of a solid order. I don't know how many tomes of Tillotson and Barrow, Gibbon and Hume, she had not consumed. The Squire disapproved of modern poetry and novels, and Dorothy, at three and twenty, had never been allowed to read a newspaper.

Dorothy's elder brother, Captain Harry Lester, was of course allowed a wider range. He was in a cavalry regiment, and his father was very proud of him and denied him nothing. Now and then a rumour came to Underwood that the young man was spending a good deal of money, or leading a rather ricketty life; but nobody believed any harm of Harry Lester, who was the brightest, handsomest, most winsome lad that Underwood had ever seen; and certainly his old father trusted him to the uttermost and always maintained that he was the soul of honour and the flower of the house of Lester.

It was a sunny morning in July when the Squire's faith in his son was first shaken. Since his wife's death he had been in the habit of going for a walk with Dorothy every day soon after breakfast. They did not usually go further than the grounds, but these covered a considerable space, and as the old man always liked to examine into the state of his fat cobs in the stable, the vines and orange trees in the hot-houses, the exact degree to which the thermometer had risen or fallen, and the precise amount of the rainfall, these absorbing occupations consumed a good part of the morning, and gave the Squire quite as much exercise as he wanted. On other days he went up to Fair Oaks to sit on the Bench, at-

tended parochial meetings, conferred with his bailiff, or interviewed his tenants. He was always busy and happy, and imagined that Dorothy was as satisfied with the life she led as he was with his own; but I always had my doubts of Dorothy's perfect content.

She was very fair, with scarcely a touch of colour in her cheeks. Her hair was light and smooth, parted in the middle and plaited neatly at the back; it was very thick and long, and of a satiny texture, but without any touch of fashionable fluffiness. Her light brown eyebrows were singularly long and straight, a fact which added to the tranquility of her expression. Her eyes were grey—good, calm, sweet eyes, not remarkable for beauty, but soft and gentle like herself. When she joined her father in the garden, on that ununny July day, she looked like an impersonation of maidenly purity and charm. She wore a plain white frock and a straw hat, and she carried two or three red roses in one hand and a bunch of keys in the other.

"Come, Dorothy, Dorothy, you are late," said the Squire impatiently. "I have been waiting half an hour for you. What have you been doing, child?"

"I think you are wanted in the oak parlour, papa. Stevens said that a person was waiting for you there."

"Why does not Stevens tell me so himself, my dear? Has the letter-bag come? I expected a letter from Harry; it seems a long time since we heard from him."

"You forget, papa, dear: he told us that we must not expect to hear from him while he was in Norway. He should not write more than a line or two till he got back."

"Ah yes, I remember," said the Squire, whose memory was beginning to be treacherous, and who did not like to own the fact. "But he might have written us a line. A person in the oak parlour? Why did not Stevens come out to tell me?"

"Stevens seemed quite nervous and frightened, papa. He did not like to leave the man alone—he thought that it might be a burglar. The man pushed past him quite rudely into the room, and spoke of waiting until he saw you as if he thought that you would not receive him."

"Stevens would have done better to turn the fellow out than to mount guard over him while you did his errands, my dear."

"Oh, but, papa, the man said he had come on Harry's business, and Stevens did not like to send him away."

"That alters the case a little," said the Squire, after a momentary pause. "Come, my dear, then, let us go to the parlour. You can come with me too; I am sure there is no business of Harry's which you may not hear."

"Papa," said Dorothy, with gentle wisdom—where had she learnt it all, I wonder?—"I think that perhaps Harry may have got into debt, or have some little difficulty that he may want you, and you only, to know of; so I had better leave you to talk to the man alone. I will come in afterwards, if you want me."

"No, Dorothy, no," said Mr. Lester, in an aggrieved and injured tone; how can you talk in that way of your brother, child? Come in with me, and hear what this man has to say."

Of the two, I think that Dorothy had more worldly wisdom than her father. Certainly it was with some misgiving that she followed him into the panelled room which was generally known as the oak parlour. Here a young man was lounging in the Squire's own elbow chair, with a curious air of proprietorship. One might have thought that the whole house belonged to him from the way in which he had established himself. One foot rested on the rung of another chair, the other was crossed negligently over his knee. He had not removed his hat, and he was sucking the knob of his cane and apparently making remarks on the house and furniture to Stevens, the butler, who maintained an attitude of silent dignity at a sideboard on which stood some silver flagons, which were the delight of Stevens's heart. The oak parlour was used as a dining-room when Dorothy and her father were alone, and several valuable pieces of silver adorned the old oak tables.

"Rummy old place," the stranger was observing. "Wants a bit of whitewash all over this black wood, don't it? I hate this old-fashioned sort o' thing; I like a bit o' style."

He looked unconcernedly at the Squire when he entered, but on perceiving Dorothy he had the grace to rise, take his hat from his head, and make her a sort of bow. He was not a bad-looking fellow, after all. I have seen him myself, and can testify to his manly beauty. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and "well set up;" his hair was cut close to his shapely head, and to the nape of his red neck: his face was sun-burnt, a little coarse, and well-featured; and if his blue eyes had been as pleasant as they were handsome, they would have won him a good deal of admiration. But they had an oddly disagreeable expression; they were bold, and yet they were cunning; they sneered, and yet they were afraid. For my part, I never saw any man who impressed me less favourably than this Mr. David North, which was the name he gave.

The Squire and Dorothy both disliked him at once. His checked tweed suit, his bright blue tie, the rings on his fingers, and the magnificence of his silver-mounted cane, assured the Squire at once that he was "a low fellow—a man that had no business in a gentleman's house at all." He was sorry he had brought Dorothy into the room; he had an instinctive reluctance to letting this man look at her. But having brought her, he did not like to send her away again. Stevens retired, however, not without a doubtful look at the stranger, and an evident desire to do battle with him for the honour of the oak panels.

"May I ask your business, sir?" asked the Squire, in his coldest manner.

"Well, before I tell you that," said the young man jauntily, "don't you think you'd better send the young lady away? Ladies don't understand business; and you and me had better settle this little matter between ourselves. Money affairs, you know, Miss, that's all; nothing you'll care about in the very least."

"If it is a money matter," said Mr. Lester, "my daughter will be as much interested as I am, because she helps to manage all my money affairs. Sit down, my dear Dorothy, and let us hear what this—a gentleman has to say."

Dorothy seated herself, and looked with some anxiety at the stranger's face, as he fumbled for a paper and a pocket-book, with a jerk of his arm and a stoop of his whole body, which struck her as singularly ungraceful. For some reason or other, she scented danger in the air.

"My name's David North," said the young man. "I belong to a banking firm in Dublin." Harry Lester had recently been quartered in Dublin. "I've brought a little bit of paper with me that I would like you to see." He spread out a cheque before him, and pushed it towards the Squire, keeping a hold upon it meanwhile with one finger.

"There, 'that's your son's writing, isn't it?—endorsed by him, you see. It's his fist, ain't it, Miss?"

"Yes, it's his hand," said the unsuspecting Squire.

"It looks like it," said Dorothy.

The young man brought his great red fist down upon the paper with a victorious thump. "Of course it is. And you see what it is, eh? A cheque for five hundred pounds from me, David North, to Harry Lester, eh? Well, I tell you it's a forgery. I never drew that cheque. I drew one for five! He's altered it—your son's altered it, sir! forged the amount, and I've come here to tell you that I'll have the law of him, as sure as my name's North."

He squared his elbows and looked at the father and daughter with an air of insolent triumph. Mr. Lester started up, quivering, choking with rage and indignation. He tried to articulate, but after one or two feeble, spluttering attempts, fell back in his chair speechless, but livid with emotion. Dorothy ran to his assistance, but could not forbear a glance of contempt when the young man proffered his assistance.

"Stand back, sir," she said, haughtily. "My father does not need *your* help. Open the window, if you like. There—dear, dear papa, it is all a lie! Harry would never do anything so dishonest—so base! Look up, it is not true."

For the Squire's white head had sunk upon his breast, and the groan which he uttered might have wrung compassion from the flintiest heart. Even Mr. David North winced at the sound, although his disposition was not a particularly merciful one.

"Come, come, old gentleman," he said. "don't take it to heart. It's true enough, I can't say different; but you needn't let it prey upon your mind. Look here, I'm willing to make terms."

Poor Mr. Lester looked up feebly. For the moment the power of speech seemed to have deserted him. It was Dorothy who spoke, strongly and passionately, as she had never spoken before. "We will make no terms with you until we hear what Harry has to say. We will confront him with you, and see if you dare persist in this wicked story. We *know* Harry—we know that he would never bring disgrace and dishonour upon our heads! Wait until he comes home, and you will see!"

"But I can't wait until he comes home, Miss," said Mr. North, "because if I wait till then, it'll be to set the detectives on his track and clap him into prison as soon as he touches England. But he's not very likely to come back. You think he's gone to Norway, don't you? Not he; my fine gentleman's off to America, and not likely to show his face again. You may have a letter from him to say so, and you may not; but, for all that, he's gone!"

"Gone!" said Dorothy; and she shrank a little at the word. Mr. North turned towards her father.

"What's the good of discussing business with a girl in the room? How can she understand? If you will just pack her off, you and I, sir, can talk the matter over pleasantly. I've no wish to make myself disagreeable; but I must have my money and something else besides."

"Yes, Dorothy—go—go; this is no place for you," said the old man, nervously. "Leave me to arrange matters. We must save the old house from disgrace."

"Let me stay, papa," Dorothy whispered, with one hand on her father's arm, but he thrust her tremblingly away.

"No, no; go, child. The gentleman is right. We can talk of it better without you."

"You won't be hard on poor Harry, papa, will you?"

"Hard on him? Is it possible to be hard on him? He is beyond punishment, beyond forgiveness. If he has done this thing, he is no son of mine! I call on God to curse him for his villainy, and I pray that my shame may soon be hidden in the grave!"

And then the Squire broke down utterly; he buried his face in his hands and wept. Dorothy wept, too, but her eyes turned now and then towards the man who had brought them the tidings of Harry's crime and their misfortune. It seemed as if she mutely implored him to take back his accusation, or at least to mitigate the severity of the blow. Mr. David North did not seem altogether insensible to those pleading looks. He shuffled uneasily from one foot to the other, then half turned his back and began prodding at the earth in a flower pot with his cane. He did not look round again until the girl, after kissing her father's bowed white head, had slipped quietly from the room; and then he heaved a very audible sigh of relief.

"Now *she's* gone," Dorothy heard him say, "we'll get to business, if you please."

Dorothy went into her own little sitting-room, and there

passed some of the bitterest moments of her life. Do as she would, she could not even yet believe that Harry was guilty of the crime laid to his charge. It seemed to her there must be some terrible mistake. Only surely her father must know! If he had not been convinced, would he have given way so utterly? It seemed to Dorothy that he had been very easily convinced. Perhaps when the stranger adduced his proofs, and they were found to be insufficient, as Dorothy felt sure that they would be, her father would recover his faith in poor Harry, and take back the terrible words that he had spoken. Dorothy buoyed up her spirits with this hope.

But when, after the longest hour that she had ever spent in her life, the Squire came forth from the oak parlour, Dorothy's hopes were dashed to the ground.

"Papa, dear! what are you going to do?" she asked, putting her arm round his neck. There was no need for her to ask whether he believed the stranger's story; his white, grief-stricken countenance told the tale too well.

"Oh, Dolly, Dolly!" moaned the old man, letting his head fall against hers; "would to God that I had died before I saw this day."

"Do you think that Harry has done this thing, papa? I cannot believe it. Remember how brave and true and honourable he always was. I cannot think——"

"Hush, my child!" said the Squire, recovering all his dignity, and lifting his hand to stop her words. "Hush! Let me never hear that unhappy young man's name again. I have, unfortunately, only too strong proof of his guilt. All that I can do for him I will do, but let him never cross my threshold while I live, for I will not see his face again."

Dorothy had been silently crying, but she now raised her head to protest. "Papa, I don't think it can be true!"

"Silence, Dorothy," said the Squire, with unaccustomed harshness. "It is not for you to set up your opinion against written proof. Do not speak to me again on the subject. Surely it is enough for me to have to buy off that man, without your opposing me and setting up your will against mine."

All this was a mere outburst of sorrow rather than of anger, and as such Dorothy lovingly accepted it. She assured him that she had not meant to oppose him, and then asked whether Mr. North had gone.

"No, my dear, no," said her father, avoiding her eyes and looking troubled; "I shall have to consult my lawyer before I can give him what he wants—and in the meantime he is to stay here."

"Here! Can he not go to the Airedale Arms?"

"We must be civil to him, Dolly, we must, indeed," said the old man, nervously. "Although I shall never forgive Harry, never see his face again, I will not let him be disgraced in the eyes of the world. I would rather give every penny I have than that. You see, it would be a disgrace to you, to your dead mother, to all of us if the truth were known. Better to keep the man here, under our own eye, where he cannot chatter about our affairs, than let him go to the village inn."

Dorothy's face expressed bewilderment. "But what are we to do with him?" she said. "Is he to go to the servants' hall? He is not a gentleman."

"Dorothy, do you want to ruin your brother?" the Squire broke out, in impotent fury and distress. "Don't you see that we must humour the man?—that he must not be offended or inconvenienced in any way? If he wants to stop here, he must stop; and he—he must have the best room, Dorothy; and you must order a good dinner, and see that everything is comfortable for him—so that he may not hurt Harry."

Dorothy looked at her father in silent amaze. Was his mind giving way? This abject fear of that vulgar man—and all for the sake of the son whom he had professed to cast off—this attention to his creature comforts, was intolerable to the girl. Her confidence in her brother's integrity would have led her to turn the man out of doors, and refuse to listen to a word he said. But she reflected, sorrowfully, that perhaps she was wrong. Perhaps—even if dear old Harry was innocent—it was better to conciliate this horrible man, who was making a profit for himself out of his accusation. So she set to work, with a heavy heart, to arrange for a room for the unwelcome visitor, and to order an especially dainty dinner for his delectation. It was a strange way of treating the man whom Dorothy at that moment thought the most hateful monster that the world contained.

Mr. North seemed to find his quarters very comfortable. He ate and drank largely, he smoked unlimited numbers of cigars, he walked into the hot houses and helped himself to the

finest fruit. Unmindful of his host's gloom and his hostess's coldness, he laughed and talked immoderately, without troubling himself about replies. Dorothy would have left him but from an imperative sign from her father that she should remain in the room. She was even obliged to show the stranger about the ground and pick flowers for him, but this was not even for Harry's sake, it was for her father's. "Harry would never have wished me to pay court to this man," said Dorothy to herself, when sore and angry feelings brought the hot tears to her eyes, "but for dear papa's sake I will do it. I suppose it will not be for long."

But for how long a time the infliction was to last did not appear. Mr. North showed no signs of wishing to depart. "Oh, I'm in no hurry," he said, when the Squire spoke the next morning of going up to London to see his lawyer about raising a sum of money (for ready money was not plentiful with the Squire): "I don't mind staying here a day or two. Don't hurry yourself, Squire."

"Must you go up to town and leave me with that man?" Dorothy enquired of her father afterwards, in some not unnatural consternation.

"I must go, my dear. Couldn't you have your friend, Mrs. Daintrey, to keep you company for the day?"

"Not without telling her why, papa. And, of course, I cannot do that," said Dorothy. And indeed she never mentioned the man to me for many a long day.

"Then you had better come up to London with me, but I don't like leaving him with the servants. He might talk to them."

"I'll stay; papa; I don't mind," said Dorothy, heroically. And it was a more trying matter to her than her father imagined, for Mr. North had already shown an unqualified disposition to make love to the Squire's pretty daughter.

"You ain't my style, you know," he took an opportunity of saying to her when the Squire had gone; "I like girls to be up to everything and full of life and fun; and you're an old-fashioned, prim-looking little thing, but I like you all the same. If you like to cast in your lot with me, Miss Dolly, and take me for better or worse, as the saying is, I'll let your father off paying me that five hundred pounds, and accept you instead."

"I think we should prefer to pay you five hundred, or five thousand," said Dorothy, standing up very white and breathless, and clenching her little hand as though she would have liked to strike him with all her might. "I would give every penny I had in the world sooner than even speak to you if I could avoid it!"

"Little spitfire!" muttered North, as she swept out of the room like an offended duchess, "little vixen! But I'll pay her for it yet, just as I'm paying out that precious brother of hers." And he did not know that his words were overheard and carefully treasured up by the watchful Stevens, who "happened" to be engaged in arranging flowers on the table in the next room.

He did not see Dorothy again until her father came back from London in the evening, so he employed himself in walking to the railway station to buy a selection of newspapers which he read with apparent interest. Mr. Lester informed his daughter that he had made arrangements for procuring the sum of money required, and that it would be in his hands in a couple of days; in the meantime Mr. North must remain at the Hall and be treated with decent hospitality.

But the next day, as it happened, was Sunday—an unfortunate fact for the Squire and his daughter. Mr. Lester would not hear of staying at home from church, when Dorothy tenderly besought him to do so. "Why should I stay at home?" he said sternly. "Are we not trying to put a good face upon the matter, and not let the world know that my only son has disgraced me? And if we are in trouble, where else would you have me go but to the house of God. Put on your bonnet in good time, Dorothy; we must not shirk our duties either to God or man."

"But Mr. North—will he come with us?" faltered Dorothy.

"I neither know nor care. He will do as he pleases," said the Squire shortly.

Mr. North's pleasure was to accompany his host to church. The Squire's pew was in a conspicuous position—only a shade less conspicuous than that of Lord Airedale himself—and it must be confessed that he suffered under the infliction of Mr. North's companionship. The man was as showily and vulgarly attired as ever; he looked like an underbred groom, out of place. Everybody stared at him, for reports of the stranger had already got abroad; and his appearance confirmed all that had been said against the odd visitor at

the Hall. And Mr. North's behaviour in church was scandalous to the simple country folk. He lounged, he yawned, he even whispered, with an odious pretence of familiarity, to Dorothy behind his hand; he could not or would not find the place in his prayerbook; and he ogled the Rector's daughter so insolently that I saw the fierce colour flash up into her face more than once during the service. Dorothy heard no word of either sermon, prayer or hymn. She was absorbed in her sensations of utter misery, and her wounded pride and wounded love; and she had seldom been so thankful for anything in her life as she was when the benediction was pronounced and she was free to seek the seclusion of her home.

Of course she did not escape without hearing a question and a remark or two. "Who's your father's friend, Miss Lester?" Lord Airedale asked, with some curiosity. Cecil Charteris, the Rector's daughter, put her hand into Dorothy's with a meaning lift of her eyebrows, at which poor Dorothy could not smile. As for me, I walked down to the gate with the girl and asked her whether she would not spend the day with me, rather than be quite alone with her father and a strange gentleman. "Oh, thank you, dear Mrs. Daintrey," Dorothy said, with a very pathetic look in her grey eyes, "but I am afraid my father wants me. I am sure he would not like me to go out to-day. Another time, please." And I was forced to be content, although I greatly disapproved of the state of things.

It was so silly, I thought, of dear, old-fashioned, prim little Dolly to make herself the talk of the neighbourhood by acting hostess to some unknown and decidedly vulgar-looking man. And what was the Squire thinking of to permit it?

To Mr. Lester's great relief, the money arrived on Monday morning and as soon as it was paid North began to talk about going. "There's a train at five-thirty that'll just suit me," he observed, "and if you'll send me and my bag down to the station, Squire, I'll be obliged to you. To which the Squire replied very truly that he would send Mr. North and his bag to the station with much pleasure. So at five o'clock the dog-cart was brought round to the front door, and the household saw the unwelcome visitor prepare to depart.

He stood with Dorothy once more in the oak parlour. Stevens was waiting in the hall; the old Squire had gone into another room for a paper, or a stick, or some such unnecessary article—I always said the Squire was utterly incapable of taking care of Dolly.

"Come, Missy," said Mr. David North, "I'm going away and you may as well show me a bit of gratitude, eh? Suppose I'd prosecuted that fine brother of yours! Well, I made you a fair offer of my 'art and 'and; can't do fairer than give me a kiss before I go! Just one, eh, my pretty little Dolly?"

And to Dorothy's horror, the man seized her by the waist. He was just about to press his lips to hers, when he was roughly gripped by the shoulder and thrown—not without the accompaniment of a kick—to the other side of the room. And there, towering above the two in a white heat of indignation, stood the supposed culprit, Harry Lester himself. Dorothy uttered a scream and flew to the shelter of his breast, as a bird flies to its nest. North, slowly rising to his feet, glared round him like a savage animal caught in a trap. And Mr. Lester, entering at that moment, stood aghast at the sight which met his eyes.

"What's the meaning of this, sir?" said the young Captain, taking upon himself the offensive in the most unexpected way. "What is this fellow doing here? How could you leave him for a moment in my sister's company? Don't you know who he is? James Smithson, once a servant of mine, dismissed for dishonesty and disgraceful misconduct! Has he been begging of you? I'll tell you what, Smithson, I've a good mind to hand you over to the police this minute. What are you doing here? Trying to extort money, I suppose? What has he got out of you, dad? You'll just fork it out, my fine fellow, before you leave this room."

Words could not express the bewilderment of the Squire, the delight of Dorothy, the dismay of the *soi-disant* Mr. North, at this address. Harry Lester was quite astonished by its effect upon the hearers. "What's the matter with all of you?" he demanded. "What has he been saying to you, dad?"

"He gave his name as North—David North; he told me a most extraordinary story," said the Squire. "Harry, my dear boy, is he—was he—your servant? Why good heavens—"

"I should think he was my servant," said Captain Harry, laying a heavy hand on Mr. North's arm, "and a jolly good

hiding I gave him the last time I saw him; didn't I, Smithson? You look as if you wanted another now. Turn out your pockets; here Stevens, come and help. The man's the most confounded thief I know."

The delighted Stevens came with speed; and the first thing that came to light was a valuable seal ring, which the Squire had missed that morning. In face of this positive proof, Smithson's heart failed him. He fell on his knees, roared for mercy, and promised to disgorge his gains and disclose the name of his accomplice, who turned out to be a bank clerk in Dublin. In a very few words, Harry was made acquainted with the details of the story, and had the satisfaction of recovering a cheque for five hundred pounds, as well as sundry valuables, from the rascal's pocket. And it was then that he turned on his father with an indignation which could not be marvelled at.

"And could you be deceived, sir, with this clumsy forgery? Could you believe me guilty? I did think at least my own father and sister could have trusted me."

"Dorothy did; and as for me—I was a fool, Harry. I shall never forgive myself never."

"And what are we going to do with this fellow?" said Harry, giving Smithson a contemptuous kick. "We can't very well prosecute—at least, I'd rather not; it isn't pleasant for a fellow to have it known that his father was so ready to believe the first story that came to his ears against him!—but I'll tell you what I'll do dad." He grew quite good-humoured at the thought—"I'll take him down to the stable yard and give him a little chastisement in my own way; the pump is handy, isn't it Stevens? Come along."

And so the resisting, struggling Smithson was conveyed to the stable yard, where he received a thoroughly well-deserved thrashing from his late master, and a drenching at the pump from the hands of the stable boys. After which he was turned out into the road, wet, ragged and dispirited; and Underwood knew him no more.

Harry took some little time to forgive his father, but the two made peace at last. The poor old Squire declared that he could never hold up his head again, for the story got wind in the neighbourhood, and most people agreed with Lord Airedale when he remarked

"Well, I never thought very much of poor Lester's intellect, but I did not imagine him to be such an ass as he has proved himself now. Why, anybody could see that that fellow was no gentleman. And whoever heard of Harry Lester doing an ungentlemanly thing."

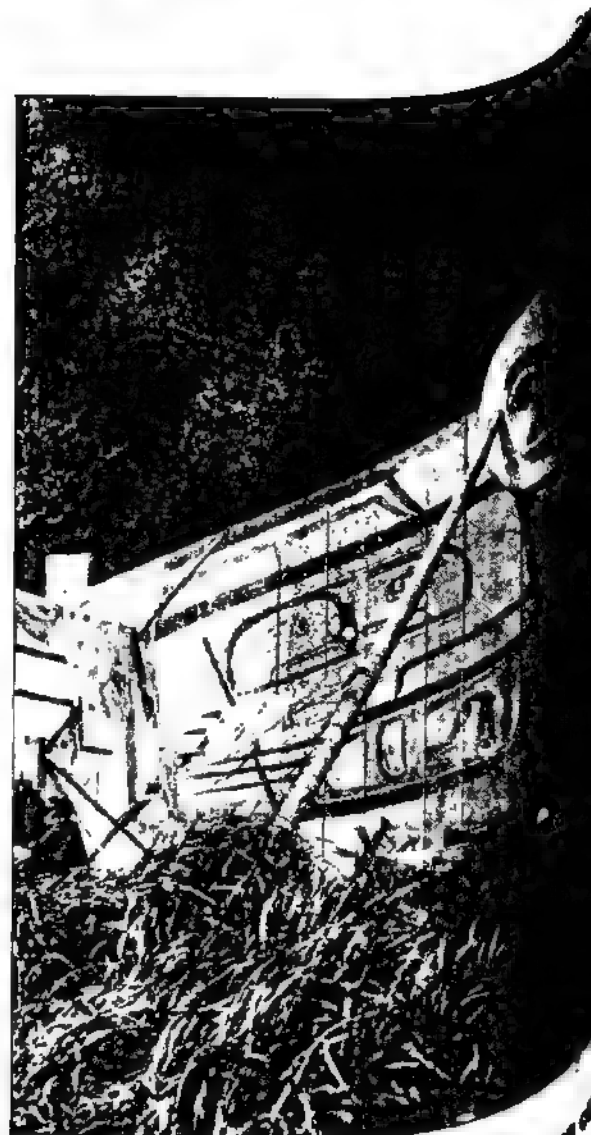
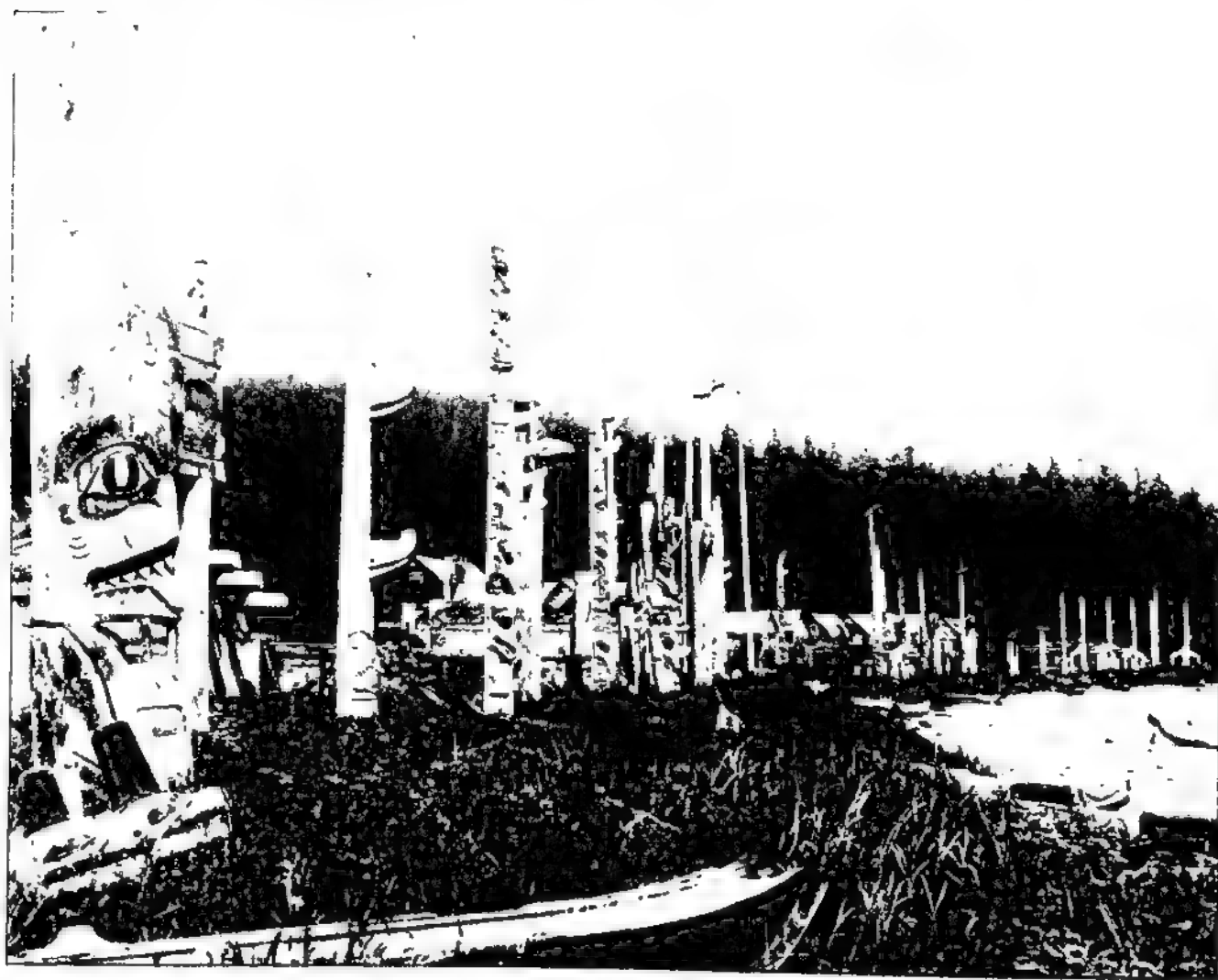
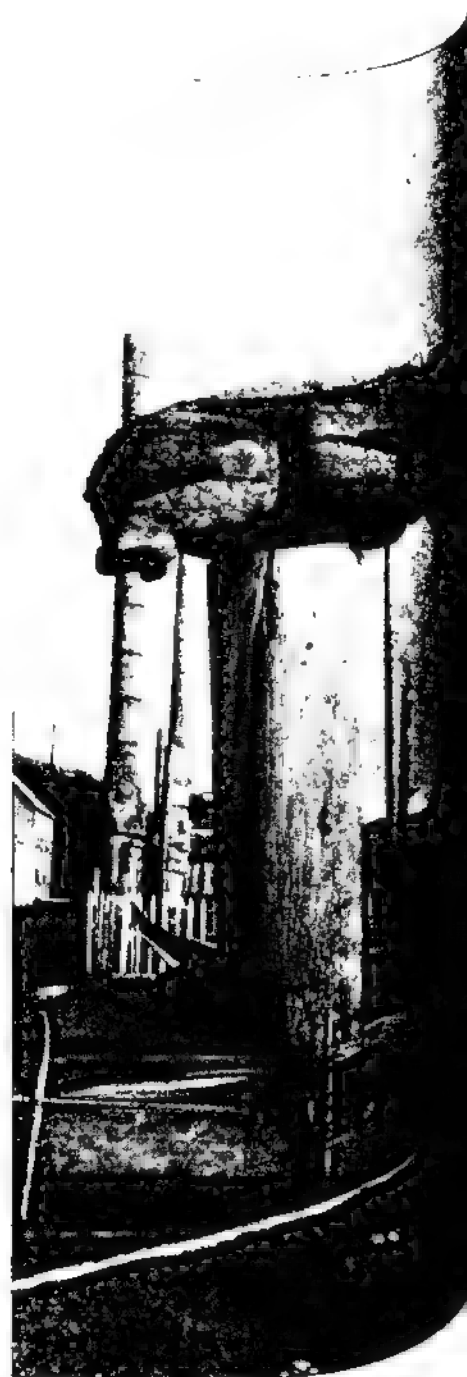
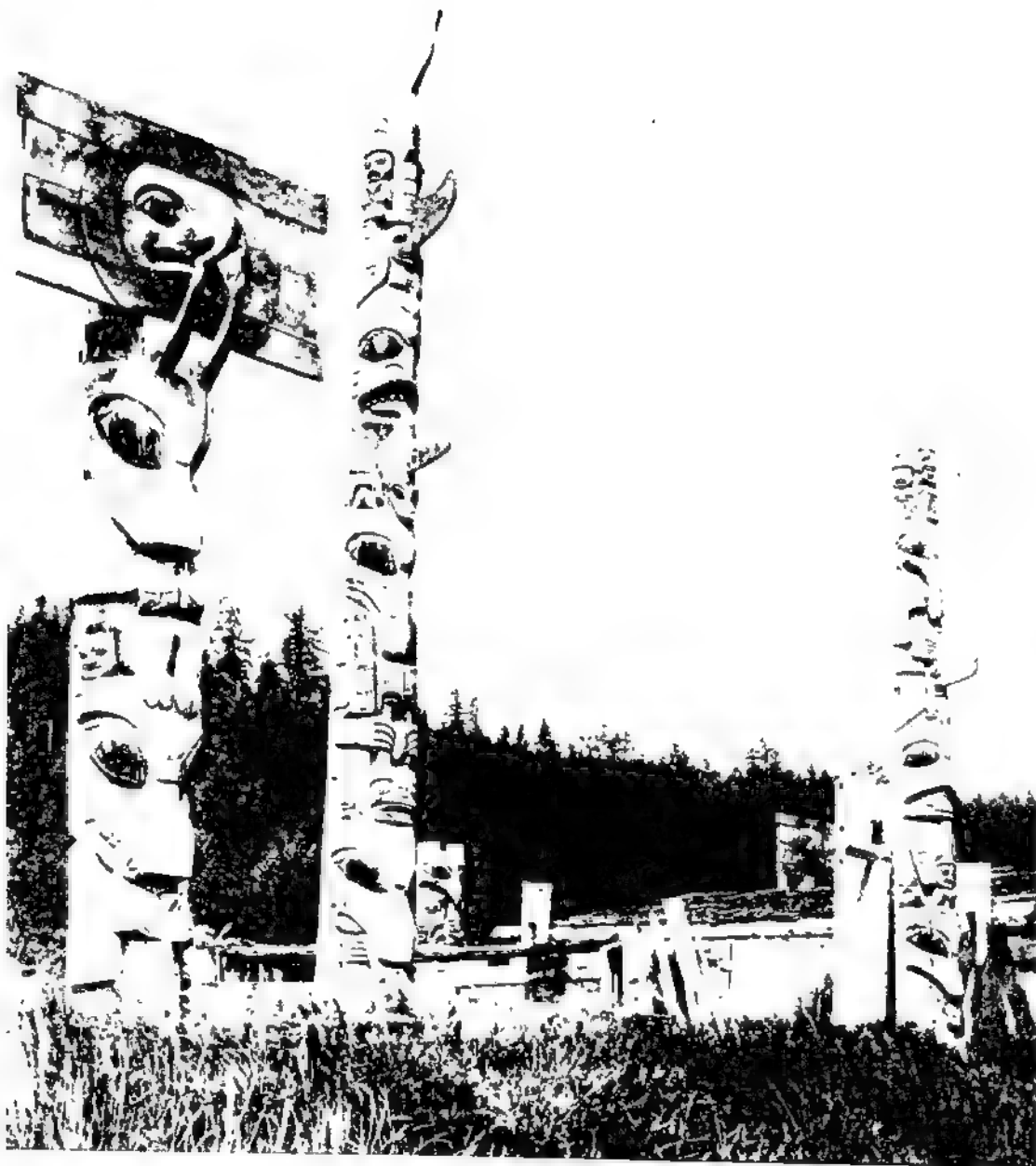
And Dorothy, with a little pink flush in her pale cheeks, always declares that if Harry had not come just in time to save her from being kissed by Smithson, she would have drowned herself in the nearest pond!

[THE END]

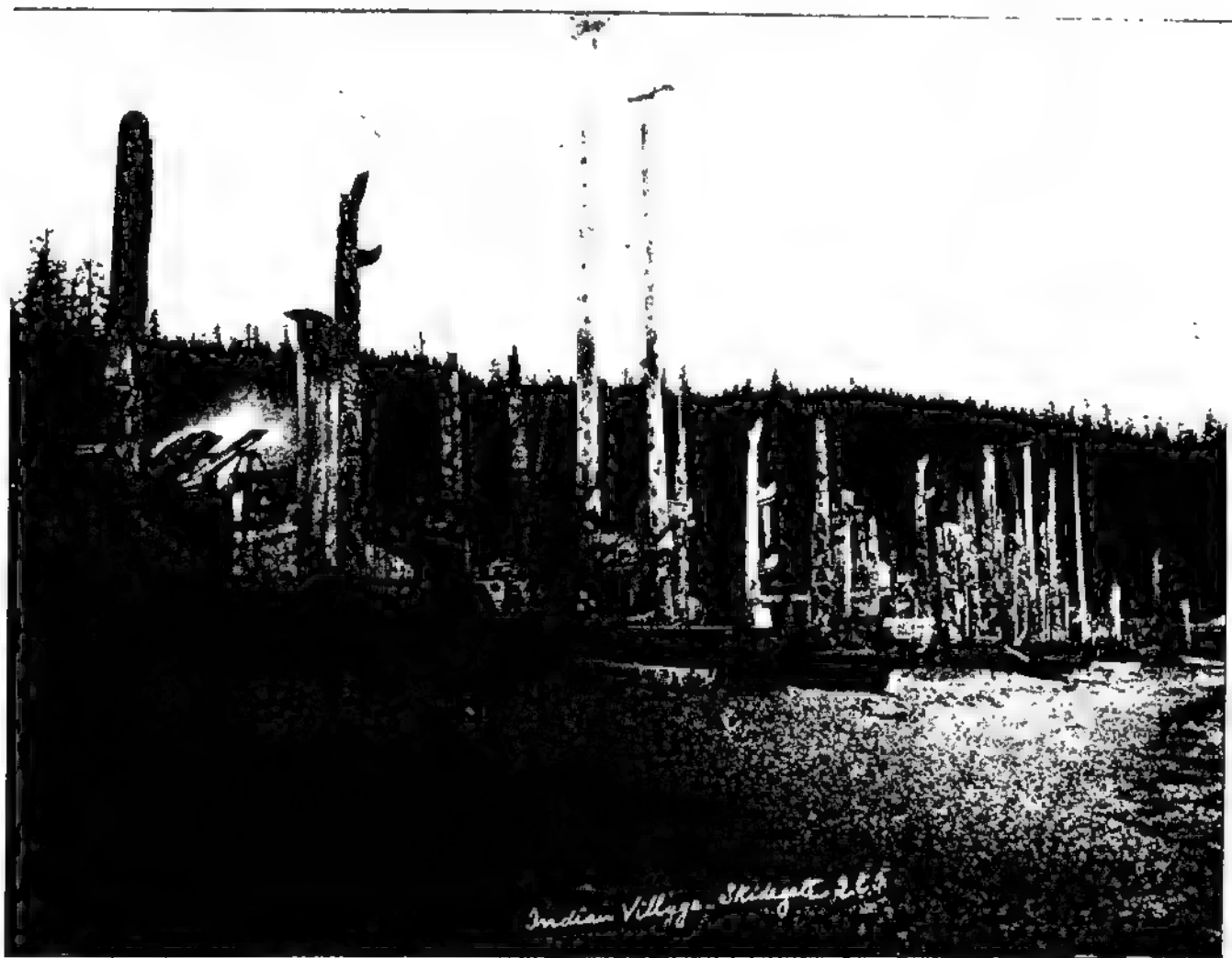
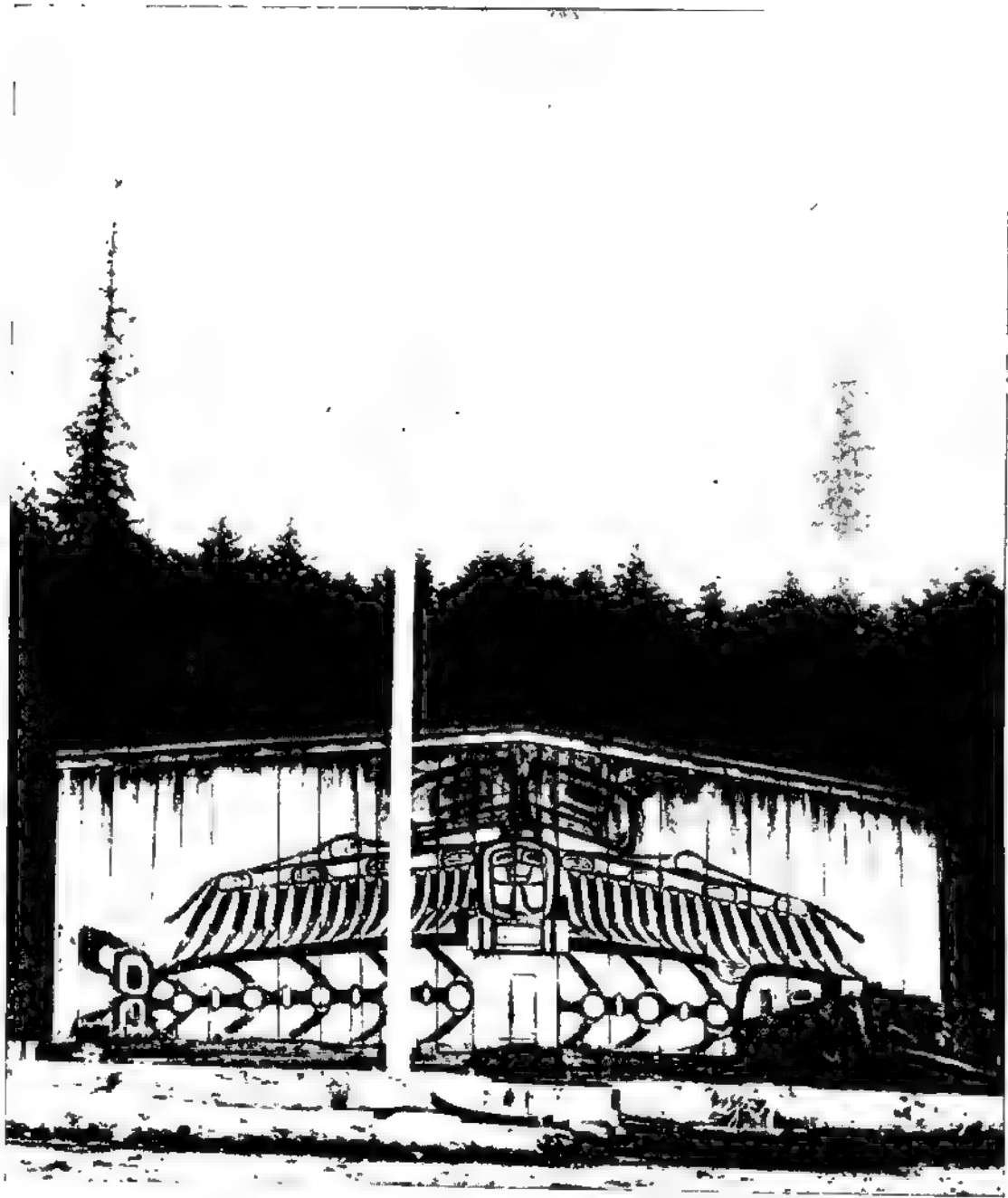
Her Letters.

I'm settin' all alone, to-day,
Jes' dozin', like, the time away,
An' thinkin' of a face—but here
I'll stop right short, fer I don't keer
To open up a tonesum heart
Wot's been long closed, an' kind o' start
These weak ole eyes to leak again—
Because, at three score year an' ten
A chap hed better look ahead
An' let the buried past stay dead—
But—then again—it seems, you know,
'o a poor lonely chap es though
He *couldn't* keep his thoughts away
Frum wand'rin' back to sum lost day.
An' strayin' through the sun-lit aisles
O' long ago, 'at, miles on miles,
Stretch their beckonin' rays o' light
To sort o' cheer the gloom o' night
Wot settles 'round a feller when
His almanick sez, "Three score, ten!"—
An' so, I take this bundle up
An' kind o' fill my ole heart's cup
Till it slops o'er an' seems to float
A lump o' sumthin' in my throat,
'At sticks right ther, untel soft tears
Washes it down the len'th'nin' years.—
An' so, I read her letters o'er—
The ones she writ to me afore
Those falt'rin' han's hed got so weak,
An' fore the rose upon her cheek
Bowed to the jellus lily's reign.—
'An es I read these lines again,
I seem to see a sad, sweet face
Cum frum the gloom, an' fill the place
Where I set all alone, to day,
Jes' dozin', like, the time away!

KIMBALL CHASE TAPLEY.



TOTEM POLES AND HOUSES



BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS.

Indian Village - Skidegate B.C.



The New Short Mantles.—Weddings.—Room Decoration.—The Candle-Light Craze.—A Woman Orchestra Leader.

The new short mantles are thoroughly useful little garments because they admit of every variety of material, and can be made as dressy or as plain as possible. For instance, look at my sketch, which is taken from a French model that was of plush. This may be in any dark, rich shade, the original being in a deep dahlia tint, scattered over with little jet flowers, too minute, I regret to say, to show in so small a sketch. The yoke and collar are made of the same material, entirely worked over with jet, and edged with black feather trimming. The shape of the mantle should



be carefully studied, as it is made with a Watteau pleat at the back, the sides fitting closely to the figure, to which they are drawn by a waist belt inside. The fulness on the shoulder gives plenty of room for the arms, like a full sleeve, the fronts being allowed to fall loose and straight. The most serviceable of these little mantles are made in black cloth—or if required more dressy, in black silk, with jet yokes and collars. They, however, look very well in light coloured cloths, with the yoke and collar braided with a darker shade of the same hue, and are most useful thus for daily wear. Lady Dorothy Nevill appeared in one of these Watteau mantles lately, at Lord Rodney's wedding.

Weddings are quite the order of the day just now, and nuptial costumes become more and more magnificent. Lady Corisande Guest's wedding dress, in the ceremony just mentioned, was extremely beautiful, consisting of the richest satin duchesse trimmed with chiffon and plumes of white

ostrich feathers, whilst her immensely long square train was composed of sumptuous silver brocade. At a recent wedding in Paris the bride wore a dress of rich, dull, white silk, entirely bordered with a thick wide ruche, in which were placed at intervals little posies of orange flowers. The whole train was covered with lovely point lace, which also trimmed the bodice, and appeared through the slashes of the



sleeves. The wedding veil was of the same splendid lace, and was lightly laid over a small wreath of orange blossoms. A model of simpler design may be made in thick, plain silk or satin, cut in princess form, with a wide *chicorée* or cut silk ruche, cut the hem of the under dress, headed by a narrow band of orange blossom. The bodice is draped with lace, and the sleeves are similarly covered, being slashed at the top of each with puffs of the silk or satin. The long tulle veil is worn over a tiny circlet of orange flowers.

From gay to grave I turn with a loving memory of one of England's most saintly heroes, the anniversary of whose death took place last week. Many were the tokens of true-hearted affection and remembrances that found their way to the dark statue in Trafalgar Square, which stands with the well-known little stick under its arm. Many have been the notices written connected with the never-to-be-forgotten national and world-wide loss, but one that interested me most was an account of the Gordon Boys' Home, at Chobham—his "kings," as he always called them—and where his wishes are carried out as literally as he could have desired. But it is not to give a *réchauffé* account of what many of my kind readers have doubtless perused for themselves, but to emphasise a suggestion that was made therein. It appears that this establishment is wonderfully deficient in books and games, such as boys delight in. Some well-intentioned, but wonderfully injudicious person has presented the Home with a large number of bound volumes of *The Times* newspaper, which is as so much waste paper to the youngsters. Numbers of happy homes there must be all over the area where this letter is read, where children have enough and to spare of picture books, stories of all kinds, and boys' magazines, as well as many a box of games the use of which they have outgrown, and I would add mine to the appeal already made, that such superfluities might be sent to General Tyndall, the Commandant of the Home, for the use of the little lads, who owe to our great hero's love their rescue from poverty and misery of all kinds.

Room decoration may be easily and successfully accomplished when people know their own minds about it, and when this is evident to the artisans engaged in following out the directions given them, they too will take infinitely more pains in carrying them out. Very weary of the conventional so-called æsthetic way of arranging rooms in sad colours, and uncomfortable looking furniture that obtained some years ago, I resolved to take a new departure, and being extremely fond of Oriental (expressed by Moorish and Syrian) art, I attempted to convert an ugly little Lon-

den back drawing-room into an Eastern chamber, minus its dirt. The first thing was to get a paper that imitated as nearly as possible the colouring and design of the carved painted woodwork that I had seen in a real Damascene room, now in the South Kensington Museum. The ceiling was also covered with this in squares, and I had some work to adapt the Moorish design of my paper, which was a capital pattern in crimson and deep brown, so as to make the whole look uniform. I explained this to my paperer, and by means of a drawing managed to make him understand what I wanted. It was altogether a new line to him, and he took quite an interest in trying to carry out my plan. The walls were arranged with a low dado of larger pattern than the upper part, so as to look like the Eastern tiles that generally form the lower half of their interior walls, and let into that above was a large star of blue or scarlet, bearing an Arabic inscription in gold out of the Koran. With coloured Oriental lamps suspended from the ceiling, and Moorish *dagères* in odd corners filled with Eastern pottery, the curtains made of some fine Kelimss hanging from under *broilequains* shaped like a Moorish arch, and divans round the room, my Eastern department, though not quite fit for peris and houris, was sufficiently Oriental to have gladdened the eyes of any Moor or Syrian suddenly landed in the midst of murky London. In fact it passed muster very well, and was not, after all, a costly business, which it would have been had I entrusted it to a regular art decorator. In this way it is a good plan to have a fixed idea how you mean to have your room done, and enlist the interest of your workman in helping you successfully to accomplish it.

Caterers say that the most interesting thing about New York dinner fashions this winter is the craze for candle-lights. Handsome candelabra have always been esteemed as among the choicest ornaments of a dining-room, but until recently only the very rich have made any particular display of this kind on their dinner tables. It is said now that no matter how poor a host is he thinks it is quite as necessary to have some pretty little candlesicks around his guests' plates as he does to have a knife and fork near them. The consequence is, of course, the room does not become heated anything like so quickly as formerly when illuminated by gas. A softer, cooler atmosphere is secured.

Miss Eleanor Clausen, musician and orchestra leader, is considered one of the best women conductors in London. Although born in England, she is of Swedish extraction and comes from a line of musicians. She is 21 years of age, and the members of her Pompadour band, twenty in number, are Guildhall students. Although an infant of fourteen months, Miss Clausen is very proud of her orchestra, and very particular about the company it keeps. She refuses all engagements for smoking concerts and stage parties, and cannot be hired to play at public dances or any assembly where liquors are sold. There are four violins, three drums, two cornets, two clarionets, two cellos, two double basses, two violas, an oboe, a French horn, a trombone and a piano in the orchestra. The most attractive members are a tall, dignified lady drummer and a small blonde girl who plays the cello. The musicians dress in pompadour toilets, and wear the famous style of hair dressing heavily powdered.

Part of the Dream.

According to report one of the dreams of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" is about to be realized at Paris, France. In his book, the novelist mentions telephonic apparatus introduced into private residences for the purpose of listening quietly at home to theatrical performances, lectures, concerts, sermons, etc., directly transmitted to one's house by the electric current. This is just what the Parisians will enjoy in the near future. "Theatrophon" is the name of a telephonic instrument, which, a few days ago, was put into operation at the French capital, and maintains connections with all the opera houses and concert rooms of the city. The apparatus is placed in hotels, restaurants and cafes for general use, and may be likewise furnished to private and boarding houses or single rooms. The first theatrophons were put in the vestibule of the Theatre des Nouveautés, and are now placed at the disposal of the public. For half a franc (ten cents) one may listen for five minutes to an opera, aria or a symphony with the choice of a theatre or concert hall that may be preferred.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, February, 1891.

Alexandre Dumas' "Monte Christo" has never been a great favourite with dramatists. This is not from any lack of incident, rather the reverse; for the stage the tale is too long and too full of incident and of startling adventure—none of which can be suppressed or the story would suffer. It is true that we have had two versions on the stage. In 1848 some French actors came over from Paris to produce a version at Drury Lane Theatre, but the play-goers of the time, whether from a spirit of patriotism or from genuine dislike of the play, would have none of it, and the Parisians, after a stormy run of three nights, had to return to France. Then in 1868 an English version was produced at the Olympic by Fechter and Benjamin Webster with an equal lack of success. The last adaptation, produced at the Avenue Theatre on Saturday last, was looked forward to with a large amount of interest, as its success in the United States was said to have been phenomenal. I have, however, to record a failure over here. In any other theatre it might have had more chance, but in the little Avenue there was room for no one—actors or stage carpenters. The play itself, too, is by no means perfect. It is a mere skeleton of the story, with no flesh on the bones, and cut down to the last possible limit to allow of its being played in three hours and a half. Mr. Charles Warner, as the hero, acted with his usual picturesqueness and vigour, but the theatre was obviously too small for him. Miss Jessie Millward had a part unworthy of her powers in Mercedes, but what she had to do she did well. For the rest, the Dangers of Mr. Luigi Lablache and the Albert of Mr. E. H. Vanderfelt are deserving of praise.

Mr. W. T. Stead is again becoming active, and as a consequence his name is again on everybody's lips. He stated a week or two ago to an interviewer, who was seeking his opinion on the "Church of the Future," that his "ideal church will include atheists, will run a theatre, and will be the proprietor of a public house." Why, he asks, should the Church not include atheists, as long as they act up to a humanitarian ideal? And he cites John Stewart Mill, Charles Bradlaugh and Mrs. Annie Besant as persons whom he thinks true Christians although they have rejected the Christian dogma. This interview has awakened a vast amount of interest, but the consensus of opinion seems to be with Mr. Stead in speaking of the Church of the Future as a Church consisting of all men who take Christ as their example through life. Mr. Stead has been active in other ways, for he just started a new monthly, *Help*, as a supplement to his now indispensable *Review of Reviews*. *Help* is the organ of the Association of Helpers, and will concern itself largely in the chronicling of any attempt to alleviate the sufferings of our poor. His *Review of Reviews* gets better every month. The February number, which comes out to day (14th), contains a character sketch of Madame Novikoff, the celebrated Russian lady diplomatist, who was so much to the front at the time of the Bulgarian atrocities. Some exceedingly interesting correspondence between Madame Novikoff and Mr. Gladstone on that subject is here given for the first time.

Mr. W. S. Caine (the well known temperance member of parliament who is now in India) has been interviewing the Madras booksellers with a view of eliciting what books were the greatest favourites with the English reading public. The most read books were the novels of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, who, according to Mr. Caine, is a much more popular novelist than either Thackeray or Dickens. After him comes, in the order of their popularity, Sir Walter Scott, Charles Kingsley, Meadow Taylor, the elder Dumas, Beaconsfield, Jane Austen, Dickens, Jules Verne, and Bulwer Lytton. The books which meet the readiest and the largest sale are "The Arabian Nights," Shakespeare and "Æsop's Fables"—the most popular poet, next to Shakespeare, being Milton.

The opening of Central London goes on apace. Only the other day it was definitely decided to pull down a large portion of the Strand, which in parts is shamefully narrow for so busy a thoroughfare. The authorities have been turning their attention to Ludgate Hill, which is at last in a fair way of becoming a decently broad thoroughfare.

The alterations, which have now been going on for some years, have, up to the present, cost £241,000, a sum that will be largely added to before the work is finished. By the way, England is far and away ahead of America in the size of its large public parks. Lord Meath has been tabulating the eleven largest parks of the world, and Epping Forest comes first with a total of 5,500 acres. Then comes Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, with 2,791 acres, the Proter, at Vienna, with 2,300, followed by Richmond Park, in Surrey, with 2,235. The Bois de Boulogne in Paris comes fifth on the list with 2,000 acres.

One of the most eagerly expected books, announced for the spring, is the memoirs by Dr. Smiles (of "Self Help") of the late John Murray, the well known publisher of Albemarle street. The book is to be called "A Publisher and His Friends," and among the friends many English authors of the last generation are included, so that the volume is sure to prove of the highest interest to lovers of English literature.

General Booth has now received in all about £108,000, Mr. Sydney Bancroft, the actor, having contributed his £1,000, although his conditions, that ninety-nine other persons should contribute £1,000, were not complied with. So far the General, although he has all the money required for immediate use, has not moved in the execution of his social scheme. Perhaps he is embarrassed by the absence of Commissioner Smith.

In society, of course, all the talk just now is about the great Gordon-Cumming baccarat scandal. Rumours had been flying about for some time, but it was the *World* which first let the cat fairly out of the bag by a long and detailed account of the whole lamentable occurrence, evidently communicated by Sir William Gordon-Cumming himself. There has been very little comment on the case in the press, as at present it is (for Sir William intends to carry the affair to the law courts) in the delicate condition known as "*sub judice*," but the truth—as far as one can make out—seems to be the following:—A large party—including the Prince of Wales, Lord C. Somerset, Sir William Gordon-Cumming, General Owen Williams and Lord Coventry—were stopping during Doncaster week at Mr. Arthur Wilson's house, Tranby Croft. The evening diversion was baccarat, played for a moderately high stake, and during one of the games Mr. S. Wilson thought he detected Sir William indulging in a form of cheating called among the French "*la poussette*." He communicated this suspicion to five others of the company, including the hostess, who all assured themselves of the truth of Mr. S. Wilson's statement. They, in their turn, decided to place the whole matter in the hands of General Owen Williams and Lord Coventry—both intimate friends of Sir William's—who, in consultation with the Prince of Wales, drew up a form for Sir William to sign, making him promise that he would, on the understanding that the matter should never be mentioned again by any members of the company, never again touch cards in his life. In a moment of weakness, and urged by the Prince of Wales himself, Sir William signed this document, but immediately repented having done so, being, as it was, a virtual admission of guilt. A month or so afterwards some one broke faith and the affair became common gossip at the clubs, and has now reached the stage of a legal enquiry—which, if it does nothing else, will at all events show to what a lamentable extent gambling for high stakes obtains just now both in the army and in high society.

A great deal of amusement, not unmixed with curiosity as to what Lord Mayor Savory will have to say for himself, has been caused by a wonderful coincidence (?), which has just now been brought to light. In January 31, 1864, Mr. C. H. Spurgeon preached a sermon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which is identical, not only in subject and thought, but in whole sentences and paragraphs, with a sermon preached by the Lord Mayor of London at the Polytechnic on February 8, 1891. Both sermons have been printed, so that it is easy to compare them, and certainly the resemblance is wonderful. The Lord Mayor, in

answer to an enquiry, states that he has, to his knowledge, never seen or heard of Mr. Spurgeon's sermon—so that the matter is at present unexplained. In the country and with hard worked clergy, cases of 'lifting' whole sermons often occur, but in such cases the practice is excusable. An amusing anecdote is told by a correspondent. A clergyman being complimented on the excellence of his sermon, was told that it was as good as the best of Dr. South's, replied, "I believe you, for it was the best of Dr. South's."

Two revivals have been the only dramatic novelties of the past week. At the Globe Theatre, Mr. Norman Forbes has taken off that excessively bad farce, "All the Comforts of Home," and has replaced it with the old Court Theatre favourite, "The Parvenue," by G. W. Godfrey, in which his brother, Mr. J. Forbes Robertson used to shine eight years ago. The other revival is at the Strand Theatre, where Mr. Willie Edouin, not finding Mr. F. C. Burmand's "Private Enquiry" as attractive as might be, has just replaced it with "Turned Up," which has been found such a draw in the past. Mr. Willie Edouin, himself, sustains his old part of Carraway Bones to perfection, and when he is on the stage the whole house is in one roar of laughter.

Yesterday Sir Richard Moon presided, for the last time, over the meeting of the shareholders of the London & North Western Railway, for with yesterday he resigned his chairmanship of the vast company which under his leadership has increased from a moderately small company to the largest in England. For thirty years Sir Richard managed the railway, and during that period the mileage has been doubled, the capital trebled and the gross receipts trebled.

A Mr. J. W. Palmer, a stamp collector in the Strand, who claims to be the exterminator of forged stamps, offers for sale, what he calls the rarest stamp in the world. It is the only used specimen in existence of the Brattleboro, Vermont, U. S., stamp, which was issued by mistake in 1846 by the town postmaster. He has been offered £200 for it but refuses to part under £250. Stamp collecting is evidently not dead yet.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours.

(ERECTED 1773.)

(See DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of 7th March.)

Dear relic of a fruitful past!

Not yet thy work is done,
Though ninety years have o'er thee cast
Their shadow and their sun;
Thou wearest yet serene and free,—
The ancient stately grace,
And strangers come, to look on thee,—
And know thee in thy place!

The autumn breeze, in tenderest mood,—
Its magic on thee lays;
And ever o'er thee seems to brood
The light of other days.
The mart is close; more swiftly on
Rushes the living tide!
On all, methinks, those cycles gone,
Breathe as they pass thy side.

What tales thy stones could tell—of power,
Of promise and decay,—
The glorious visions of an hour
That rose and passed away!
What scenes those silent walls might see!
Vain suppliance,—mad regret,
Whose memory, in these days, may be
A troubled darkness yet!

Thy aisles the swelling strains have known,
Of Victory's days of pride;
A radiance through their gloom has shone
On bridegroom and on bride.
And then—those other seasons grew,—
When plague was in the air,—
When myriads saw their doom, and knew
Nothing was left—but prayer.

Those days are o'er! Still to the skies
Thou lookest, full and free;
Firm, as we hope, thou yet mayst rise,
For many a year to be.
All around thee altered; landmarks flown,
The ways, the looks of yore;
But the man's nature thou hast known,
THAT changes—nevermore!

1863.

—CLAUDE BERWICK.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC.
(Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

HISTORIC CANADA, XI.



VIEW AT THE MOUTH OF THE RICHELIEU RIVER.



WOLFE'S MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

In the annals of Canadian history few, if any, days stand out with greater prominence than the 13th of September, 1759. On that morning the culminating point of the many years previous struggle between France and England was reached; for, while other actions had to be fought before *La Nouvelle France* finally laid down her arms, the battle on the Plains of Abraham between Wolfe and Montcalm virtually decided the campaign. The story of the fight has been often told, and by none more ably than our own historians, although Mr. Parkman in the last of his incomparable works, "Montcalm and Wolfe," has treated the subject in that masterly way in which his similarity to the late Mr. Kinglake is so apparent—omitting no detail and yet sustaining the interest steadily until the close of the narrative. It is sufficient here to state that the memorable action was fought between General James Wolfe, with 4,826 men, and the Marquis de Montcalm, with a force numbering 7,520 of all ranks; of these nearly 4,000 were militia, the King's troops being from the regiments of La Sarre, Languedoc, Bearn, Guienne and Roussillon. The British regiments engaged were the 78th, 15th, 28th, 33th, 43rd, 47th, 48th, 58th, 2nd and 3rd battalions of the 60th, and the grenadier companies of the 22nd, 40th and 45th. The action was short, sharp and decisive, and resulted in the entire defeat of the French troops, with heavy loss on both sides, including the two commanders. Quebec surrendered on the 18th, and the flag of Great Britain was run up over the ramparts; it has flown there now for over a century and a quarter, and there it will remain for many long decades. Although already twice wounded, the heroic Wolfe continued to lead his men; but just before the close of the action he was struck in the chest by a musket ball, and the wound proved mortal. The circumstances of his death are well known, and have been immortalized in West's famous painting.

Tradition has correctly preserved the site of the place where he breathed his last, but many years passed before any steps were taken to erect any memorial that would tell the stranger where the conqueror of Louisburg and Quebec fell. It remained for Lord Aylmer to do this—nay, to extend his generosity to both victor and vanquished—for in 1831 he erected a white marble tablet over the tomb of Montcalm in the Ursuline convent, and in the following year put up a small monument to indicate the spot where Wolfe died. This pillar was soon after replaced by a new monument, an engraving of which is herewith shown. It is of stone, and stands about thirty-five feet high, surmounted by a bronze Roman helmet, wreathed with laurel, and a sword. On two sides of the pedestal are inserted bronze panels, bearing the following inscriptions:—

On one side:

HERE DIED
WOLFE,
VICTORIOUS,
September the 13th, 1759.

On the other:

This pillar was erected
By the British army in Canada, A.D., 1849;
His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir Benjamin
d'Urban,
G.C.B.; K.C.H.; K.C.T.S., &c.,
Commander of the Forces,
To replace that erected by Governor-General
Lord Aylmer, G.C.B.
Which was broken and defaced, and is de-
posited underneath.

The spot is a classic one. It receives the homage of all strangers visiting the Fortress City, and is honoured by all loyal Canadians. The death of Wolfe was a new birth for Canada, and marked the transition from the bonds of semi-feudal vassalage to a participation in that liberty which is synonymous with British citizenship.



The elections are over; what part we women took in the contest no one will ever know; we shall not give ourselves away; not we! It makes very little difference to us (as I said, I think, in a previous letter) whether or not we vote; what man will have the temerity to set bounds to our influence? Speaking of this, leads me to the subject of my present letter. It is my opinion, expressed oft-times in private, and now publicly, that we shall not be fit to occupy men's places and do their work till we stand literally in their shoes. What do I mean? bear with me to the end of my letter and you will see.

We are no Yankee girls, thank Heaven, no fashionable New Yorkers with inherited feebleness of constitution, nervous temperaments, hysterical minds; we are healthy, robust, and therefore contented and happy Canadians with mothers and grandmothers who came of healthy stock themselves, and, by living rational and wholesome lives, transmitted the same grand tendencies to us, their children. I notice a growing inclination on the part of Canadian society dames (not excepting those of our own province of Nova Scotia) to follow the silly dicta of an American society, and neglect, for the sake of being like their fashionable neighbours, those laws of health and beauty that have made the Canadian girl the lovely and fair thing to look upon that she is. First of all I wish to sound the trumpet about the most important thing of all. You girls and young wives who are well shaped, and who have good twenty-four inch waists (or less) which are in perfect proportion with the rest of your frame, why do you spoil your figures and enfeeble your constitution by wearing corsets? I am no crank who has been brought up to do without these fashionable appendages to female costume; I have tried both sides of the question, and I know what I am talking about. I have spoken to many corset-wearers on the subject, and never have I heard one allow that her corsets hurt her, or were at all tight. I have heard the sigh of relief when the bony thing came off at night, and seen the look of lassitude change to one of content, but never have I heard one young woman admit that her corsets were anything but a pleasure. All the same, I know. There are two or three reasons why girls squeeze a twenty-three or twenty-four inch waist into a twenty-one or twenty-two inch corset; one is that they imagine that gentlemen admire a small waist. Now, whatever may have been the opinion in days gone by, at the present day men are too sensible to admire anything which is unnatural and out of proportion. Ask your brothers—your fathers; you will find that I am right. Another idea is that a small waist is a beautiful thing; it is nothing of the sort; look at the statues of Venus, Hebe, Juno—the embodiment of the most perfect ideas of female loveliness; are there any small waists to be seen among them? The average girl of about five feet measures twenty-three or twenty-four inches round the waist when nature has not been tampered with; of course, as any doctor will tell you, a waist accustomed for years to tight lacing will grow to assume an unnatural smallness, the ribs having become pressed so tightly together as to remain in that cramped position. Measure your neck with a tape measure (the girl of average height will find it almost eleven and a-half inches); double the number, whatever it is, and if you are well-formed you will find that your proper waist measure. Wear a corset-waist from which all the clothes can be suspended; the very best are manufactured by Ferris Bros., of 341 Broadway, New York; they are strong, pliable, well shaped, and of fine material, and will cost less than your corsets, and make life a different thing to you. I feel qualified to speak in praise of these corset-waists, as I have tried almost every variety manufactured, and my experience is in favour of the make I have mentioned.

I know there are some girls on whom nature has bestowed a surplus amount of "adipose tissue," who could not be prevailed upon by any amount of persuasion to adopt this style of dress; I can understand their feelings, too; no one likes to look "like a bag of meal tied around the middle," as I have heard it described. Lacing would hurt such girls as these less than others, inasmuch as it would be chiefly the soft flesh that would receive the squeezing and not the ribs.

Now for the answer to my riddle as to the shoes. Buy a pair of boy's shoes (the largest size, which corresponds with a number 6 ladies' size, would be large enough to accommodate the most extensive pedal extremities); get them the right size as to length, and walk four or five miles in them, and you will see what I mean. What comfort! What pleasure in walking! You know how it is with ladies' boots, even the best and widest of them; how they have to be "broken in" before there is any ease or pleasure in walking. I propose a new order of things. I do not advise ladies giving up the pretty shoes; not at all; only do have them large enough to walk comfortably in the first time you put them on; and on rainy days, when you are obliged to walk, do not wear those abominable rubbers that draw the feet and make life hideous. Get these big boys' boots for such days—strong leather that will resist wet; you can wear them, too, with pleasure on a long country tramp and save the dainty foot-gear for high days and holidays; it won't spoil your feet; I know because I have tried it. There is so much more that I have in my mind to say, so many more things with reference to this same subject! this is only a touch on one or two points. I would very much like to say a word on this matter with respect to a woman's ambitions in and hopes for motherhood, but must refrain, or I shall exceed the limits of my space.

Our contribution to the welfare and happiness of our grand Canadian dominion should be—vigorous bodies and clear, sound minds, and (because of these) strong, healthy sons to fight our country's battles. We women, with this ambition before us, can pride ourselves on being nowhere behind the grandest politicians, or generals, or statesmen of our land. We can do something for the future of our native country that they can not, and, in the doing, will ourselves be wiser and more lovely and longer-lived.

So much for my little dissertation on dress-reform; some day I will, perhaps, say more to you on the same subject. Next time I will give you some more gossip from the Lower Provinces which I trust will be interesting to you.

The Mercury, Halifax's latest weekly, bids fair to have a large circulation and a good place among Canadian papers. I will tell you more of it in my next; the first numbers have impressed me very favourably.

We have bid a tearful farewell to our friends of the West Riding Regiment; these partings try us sorely. But—"Le roi est mort; vive le roi"—we shall be comforted ere long.

Home Life Among Royalty.

Life at Sandringham is very simple, says Lady Elizabeth Hilary in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for March. The Prince breakfasts with his sons and any male members of the royal family who may be there; the Princess breakfasts in her private apartment, while the young princesses breakfast in an old fashioned room still known as the school-room. When this meal is over they come down to see good-morning to their father, and are usually accompanied by a group of pet dogs. The gentlemen go out shooting or riding, while the ladies in the house amuse themselves with books and papers and, later in the day, are joined by the Princess. Luncheon brings all together, and this informal meal is, when the season will permit, served in a tent put up in the woods near where the mighty hunters are. The Princess leads the procession going to this in a smart yellow cart drawn by the plumpest of ponies, driving herself and one of her lady guests. She is, by-the-by, an extremely good whip. Luncheon over, the ladies return to Sandringham House, everybody meeting again at five o'clock tea and dinner being served in the dining-room at about half-past eight o'clock. The Prince and Princess dine with their guests; the Princess sitting in the centre of one side of the table, while the Prince is exactly opposite. When dinner is served a piper plays the bagpipes in the corridor outside in veritable Highland style, that is, pacing backwards and forwards.

OUR CANADIAN CHURCHES, III.

The Basilica Minor, Quebec.

The Basilica Minor, or French Cathedral, is one of the most imposing buildings in Quebec, and is also fairly entitled to the distinction of being the oldest church in America, as, although the roof and a portion of the walls suffered during the various sieges through which Quebec has passed, so much of the original structure remains as to fairly qualify it for that honour. The building of the Cathedral was commenced in 1647—nearly two and a-half centuries ago—under the auspices of Bishop Laval; nineteen years later, on the 18th of July, 1666, it was duly consecrated, and, as the parochial church of Quebec, superseded the chapel of the Jesuits' College. In 1793 it received many valuable artistic additions from France when the marauding rebels there pillaged the churches and religious houses, a large number of paintings having been purchased from the thieves by an ecclesiastic and shipped to Canada. Among these were the following:—

- 1.—"The Holy Family," by Blanchard (1600-1630, painter in ordinary to the King of France)
- 2.—"The Saviour Insulted by the Soldiers," St. Matthews XXVII, 27, 31, by Fleuret (French school.)
- 3.—"Birth of Christ," a splendid copy of the celebrated painting by Annibal Carrache (Italian school.)
- 4.—"The Flight of Joseph into Egypt," a copy of the original, by Vanloo (Flemish school), in the Seminary chapel, by Theophile Hamill.
- 5.—"Our Saviour Attended to by the Angels after the Temptation in the Desert," by Restout (1692-1718, French school.)
- 6.—"The Immaculate Conception," Lebrun's (French school) style.
- 7.—"St. Paul's Ecstasy," by Carl Marette (1625-1713, Italian school.)
- 8.—"Altar, Miracles of St. Ann," by A. Plamondon, Canadian artist and a pupil of Paul Guerin.
- 9.—"Our Saviour on the Cross," by Van Dyck (1599-1641, Flemish school.) This painting is one of the most remarkable in America, and certainly the best in Canada.
- 10.—"The Pentecost," by Vignon (French school.)
- 11.—"The Annunciation," by Restout (French school.)
- 12.—"Lying into the Sepulchre," copied by A. Plamondon from the original by Hutin, in the Seminary chapel.
- 13.—"The Baptism of Christ," by Claude Guy Halle, 1652-1736 (French school.)

Unfortunately many of these works of art were destroyed or seriously damaged in the fire which occurred in this historic church a few years ago.

The sacristy contains the wards of the church, the rich ornaments, gold brocade, &c., among which are a complete set of ornaments given to Bishop Laval by the great Louis XV.

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not seen this cathedral, we may say that it occupies a commanding position in the upper town, not far from the head of Mountain Hill. The exterior cannot be termed beautiful; it is rather of the substantial and solid type. Within, it is very lofty and about 216 feet long by 108 in breadth. Massive arches of stone divide the nave from the aisles, and galleries run down each side the entire length of the building. A congregation of about four thousand persons can be accommodated within its walls. The grand altar and choir are superbly decorated, and altogether the building is in the front rank of the ecclesiastical edifices of Canada.

Bald Heads vs. Rockets.

On the opening night of a new play at Drury Lane Theatre, London, recently, the proprietor advertised for and secured twelve bald-headed men to sit in the third row of stalls. Each received his admission, a guinea and a dress suit. In return he allowed a letter to be painted on his nose, so that when all the dozen were in line the delighted audience could spell this managerial assertion:

IT'S A GOOD SHOW.

The rival houses offset this by a nightly display of fireworks. Rockets were sent up which threw out in words of flame the title of the play and the names of the leading actors.

Personal and Literary Notes.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Trinity Church, Boston, has just published a new volume of sermons, entitled, "The Light of the World and Other Sermons." It is being published by Macmillan & Co.

An autograph letter of Mr. Charles Dickens to a friend in Scotland, giving an account of the death of "Grip, the Raven," has just been sold at the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, the well known London auctioneers, and realized the sum of £15 10.

The March number of "Our Little Ones and the Nursery" is, as usual, full of pleasant things for our little folks. The Natural History series are especially interesting, and are told in such a simple way that the youngest child can readily understand them.

Mr. William Morris has established a new press for high class printing, and will republish that romantic story first issued in the *Illustrated Magazine* under the name of "The Glittering Plain." This will be followed by "The Golden Legend." The press is to be known by the name of *The Kelmscott Press*.

College men and teachers generally will be interested in an article by Dr. R. P. Falkner in the next number of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, on "The Universities of Italy." No account of these institutions has yet appeared in English, and although the author of this article discusses primarily instruction in political and social science, yet he gives in an introduction a mass of valuable information which will interest all students of education.

Mr. D. B. W. Sladen, the New York correspondent of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is issuing, through Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co., London, a volume entitled, "Younger American Poets, 1830-90," with an appendix of "Younger Canadian Poets," edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts, St. John, N.B. Mr. Sladen will also bring out very shortly, through the same publishers, a work called "Australian Poets, 1788-1888," being a selection of poems on all subjects written in Australia and New Zealand during the first century of the British colonization, with brief notes on their authors and an introduction by Patchett Martin.

Pembroke College, Cambridge, has materially increased its collection of relics of the poet Gray by the acquisition of two pocket-book diaries full of entries in his handwriting. These little volumes are respectively dated 1755 and 1760, and contain most interesting memoranda. That for 1750 is full of complaints, invariably written in Latin, regarding the state of his health—his gout, his sleeplessness and many other distressing symptoms. The pocket of the 1760 diary contains the draft of a very interesting letter from the poet to the president of Pembroke, dated from London on 22nd October, 1761, giving an inventory of 28 packages of various sorts, which he had just despatched to the college for the furnishing of his rooms there. The list gives an interesting insight into his surroundings at Cambridge in the rooms he occupied for so many years, and where he died.

Clapping Hands as a Salute.

Among the Uvinsa, "when two 'grandeas' meet, the junior leans forward, bends his knees, and places the palms of his hands on the ground on each side of his feet, while the senior claps his own hands six or seven times. They then change round, and the junior slaps himself first under the left armpit, and then under the right. But, when a 'swell' meets an inferior, the superior only claps his hands, and does not fully return the salutation by following the motions of the one who first salutes. On two commoners meeting, they pat their stomachs, then clap hands at each other, and finally shake" (i. e. take) "hands. These greetings are observed to an unlimited extent, and the sound of patting and clapping is almost unceasing." Serpa Pinto found this ceremonial clapping in violent exercise among the Ambuellas. Paul du Chaillu reports the salute of the Ishogos to be clapping the hands together and stretching them out alternately several times. Among the Walunga, in the morning, on every side a continuous clapping of hands goes on, with the accompaniment of "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata?" which is their mode of saying, "How d'ye do?" If a chief passes, they drop on their knees, bow their heads to the ground, clap vigorously, and humbly mutter, "Kwi-tata, kwi-tata?" The clapping distinguishes the ceremony from that of mere prostration.—*From Greeting by Gesture*, by COL. GARRICK MALLERY, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for March.



Since what is usually called the Senior League has been in existence there has gradually been noticeable a marked misconception among lacrosse men as to the championship of Canada, and there seems every probability that this Gordian knot will be cut at the convention, for which preparations are already being made. As far as the great majority of people are concerned, the old championship pennants have altogether been lost sight of; but for all that, they are still snugly ensconced with the other valuable mementoes in the possession of the Shamrock club. This lacrosse business is a tangle at the best of times, and there are more unnecessary legislators in it than ever preached unrestricted reciprocity or devoured crow after a parliamentary election. The daily newspapers with sporting column attachments have told us—with more credit than they are usually given credit for—that latter day lacrosse is played in the council chamber with much greater success than in the old-fashioned way on the field. Taking this as granted, perhaps a few words about the coming possibilities and a brief retrospect of the game will not be out of place in this column.

* * *

It is necessary to go back several years in order to understand thoroughly the succession of events which has brought about the present position of our national game. When the National Amateur Lacrosse Association indisputably swayed the game, the championship pennants were played for under the challenge system. Then followed what was at the time thought a new-fangled idea, viz., the series method of deciding the game. The clubs entitled then to play in the senior series were the Torontos, Ontarios, Montreals and Shamrocks. Brockville was admitted after winning the intermediate championship. A misunderstanding at the end of the season resulted in open warfare between the Montreal and Toronto clubs, followed by the secession of the latter from the N.A.L.A. The Ontarios sided with their sister club, and from this nucleus grew the Canadian Lacrosse Association. To straighten out matters an extra convention was held at Brockville, and the Ottawas were admitted to play for the championship, notwithstanding that they never had held intermediate honors. The new combination was fairly successful for a time, until at last the Brockville people discovered that amateur lacrosse was a somewhat expensive amusement, and dropped out after two seasons. Then the Montreal club had no grounds to play on and they also dropped out. In the meantime the Western association, which had started out with a great flourish of trumpets, was showing signs of decay likewise. The Ontarios disbanded, and the Torontos were not sending out their best teams, while the Cornwall men had withdrawn from the N.A.L.A. and joined the C.L.A. on account of an adverse vote in the convention which gave the championship pennants to the Shamrocks on a technicality. It was at this time, when the national game seemed to be demoralized and fast going to the "demnition bow-wow," that what is known as the senior league was organized. There was nobody to play for the old flags and so the Shamrocks' possession of them was undisputed. They would have been difficult to get at, too, as any club eligible to play for them through holding the intermediate championship could scarcely have challenged for them, as the law read to the effect that they should be won through a series of games. The Capitals for some time have been ambitious in this direction, and it is quite likely that during the coming season they will have ample opportunity of being gratified. The association has received notice that at the convention, which will be held in Montreal on April 10th, a motion will be made to re-establish the old challenge system for the N.A.L.A. pennants, and there is very little doubt it will carry. It need in no way interfere with the scheduled games of the league. Even though dates be fixed, the challenged club will have the naming of the date, and it need not necessarily be on a Saturday. It would be a good thing all round and would increase the number of matches seen both in Montreal and Ottawa. It is likely that under this arrangement the Capitals will be heard from, and maybe the Crescents will



ALCANTARA, JR.

come in for a share of the honors, although it would seem wiser to still retain the provincial championship than rush into a struggle which will be undoubtedly a crowded one. The prospects all round seem brighter this year than ever before, and the strength of some of the teams will be remarkable. Montreal will be considerably strengthened as well as the Shamrocks, of whom it is said that they will have some of the Crescent stars. The Ottawas will be improved considerably, and a couple of old-timers, it is said, will return to their first allegiance. The Cornwalls will have an infusion of young blood and the Torontos may be strengthened by the addition of Cheney, but this is doubtful.

The athletes of McGill are to be congratulated on the showing made at the annual meeting of the athletic association. There is only one difficulty and that is a financial one. The proposition, however, that a slight increase of one dollar in students' fees, made a slight increase of approval in all quarters, and would save a lot of worry and trouble to the different clubs that compose the association. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Sir William Dawson, president; Mr. W. E. Walsh, first vice-president; Professor Harrington, secretary-treasurer; Mr. W. Smart, assistant secretary; Mr. V. Halliday, assistant treasurer.

What might have been a very interesting skating competition in Ottawa turned out to be a most lamentable fizzle. Mr. Dey advertised a meeting for the "championship of the world," save the mark, and invited several fancy skaters to compete. He also made the startling announcement that the new list would be the guide. Considering that the new list has not yet been adopted by either the United States or Canadian Skating Associations, Mr. Dey was about as premature as he was in appropriating the world's championship and then offering to give it away to anybody. The reason why Mr. Rubenstein did not compete is not of any particular public interest, and it seems that a well advertised scheme to get a big attendance at the rink was the only object to be gained. The selection of judges was another strange thing, and the amount of points said to have been awarded was just as surprising as the rest of the proceeding.

The big New York clubs are still gathering strength and legislating against each other. Here is the latest bit:—"In any open athletic competition in which members of this club take part no member of this club shall compete if entered from another club. A violation of this requirement shall render a member liable to suspension or expulsion, at the discretion of the Board of Governors."

Philadelphia is the great home of cricket in the United

States, and all lovers of the fine old game will be glad of the prospect of a visit from the City of Brotherly Love, because even if the eleven will represent America, the probabilities are that the greater number will be representatives of Philadelphian clubs. On July 1 the international match between Canada and the United States will be played, and a few days later an eleven under the captaincy of C. W. Clarke will make a tour of the leading Canadian cities. The Ardmore club will probably come later and play in Hamilton, Toronto, Chatham, and may be Montreal. A college team is also endeavouring to make arrangements for a Canadian trip, and altogether the outlook for cricketers is a bright one.

The bowling competitions which have been in progress between the Montreal, Victoria Rifle and Ottawa clubs have reached a very interesting stage, and nobody would be surprised if, when the schedule is played out, it would be a tie all round. As the matter stands at present, there are but two matches to play, Montreal in both cases playing on opposition alleys. If M.A.A.A. win either match it will carry the championship with it, but it is quite likely that they will lose both matches and then it will be a three-cornered tie, as it was last year. The Ottawa men were not fortunate in their last visit to Montreal and suffered a double defeat. The men from the capital were equally unfortunate in their billiard match, which was remarkably close, however.

New York will soon have another attack of temporary insanity for six days, and Canada, like the rest of the continent, will eagerly scan the newspapers to find out how the score stands in the weary wobble that will begin on Monday next. The sort of endurance brought out in these walking matches may be very interesting and gratifying to the morbid tastes that enjoy seeing somebody else suffer, but to a great many people, especially those who have seen the last day of one of these exhibitions, the spectacle is about as elevating as a dog fight or as refining as the prize ring.

Whether it is the climate or not that affects Australian horses when deported from their native place is difficult to say, but at all events the arrivals both in England and America do not seem to have given any great satisfaction, and Narellan, of whom great things were expected, turned out very disappointing when away from home. The last shipment arrived in San Francisco on the 25th ult., and some good ones are among the number. They have been distributed in the Eastern and Southern states, and it remains to be seen whether they will be more fortunate than their predecessors.

Lacrosse is going to boom in Kingston this summer.

The Kingston Lacrosse Club has been organized and the following officers elected:—Honorary president, Edward J. B. Pense; honorary vice-president, Mayor Drennan; president, C. L. Bass; vice-president, C. O. Sliter; recording secretary, P. Lawless; corresponding secretary, W. Tandy; treasurer, F. Raney. A club room has been secured and practice has already been begun in the drill shed.

The rumour has been going the rounds of the press that some Montreal men were again negotiating for a professional baseball team. There is a good working chance for a really good team in this city, but if the matter is left over until the middle of the season, when some backwoods village discharges a crowd of peripatetic ball tossers, as was the case last year, then somebody will be out of pocket and the public will be disgusted. Montreal would probably make a comfortable home for a good team, but as a dumping ground is not ambitious.

Wm. O'Connor, Canada's present champion sculler, declines to enter into a sweepstake race at the Point of Pines with Teemer, Gaudaur and Hanlan. He claims the championship of America, and stands prepared to defend the title against all comers for anything up to \$5,000 a side. His refusal to take part in the Boston arrangement will give an air of genuineness to any race for the championship which O'Connor may be challenged to.

Indoor athletes are booming among our neighbours across the line, and on Saturday (14th) the Manhattan club's games promise to eclipse anything of the kind so far. It will be remembered that a few weeks ago in Boston the indoor record for the high jump was broken by a Harvard man, and now from all appearances some other records will retire into the oblivion of things fractured.

The Ontario hockey men have been having their matches for the championship, the Toronto and Ottawas playing in Ottawa on Saturday last, when the visitors were vanquished with a score of six goals to nothing.

Dr. G. M. Hammond won the duelling sword and foil competitions at the A.A.U. championships on Saturday. This makes the Doctor amateur champion of America, and now Mr. Currie, the Canadian champion, will have an opportunity to cross blades.

The Montreal Junior Hockey Association has become incorporated under the names of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Fred. D. Scott, H. C. Knox, J. W. Routh, J. W. Barry, W. A. Caldwell, J. Findlay, T. B. Little, D. B. Michaud, O. A. Lockerby, C. E. Archibald.

The insurance hockey championship of Montreal has been won by the London, Liverpool & Globe team, which, by the way, managed to keep the lead through the season.

There is a rumour to the effect that Mr. T. McAnulty will captain the Shamrock Lacrosse team and there is a counter rumour that Mr. Cregan will hold the position. If either is correct the Shamrock club are to be congratulated.

R. O. X.

The Tyranny of the State.

For many years the only redress against the United States for wrongs done by it was by bringing the injuries to the attention of Congress. Latterly the Court of Claims has been established, but has jurisdiction only to hear cases that arise out of contracts made within six years from the time suit is brought. For those older than this—for all sorts and the vast variety of claims that may arise, other than for mere money demands—the sole redress is still before the legislative body. It would take a series of volumes almost as great as those containing the duties of the individual to the state to recount the tales of robbery and outrage on the part of the national Government that appear in the appeals for justice now on record at Washington. Had these same acts been committed by private bodies, the united wrath of the people would have exterminated the offenders.—SAMUEL W. COOPER, in *The Popular Science Monthly* for March.



The official opening of the New Westminster Southern Railway was the most important event of last week. The occasion was of more than local interest on account of the international character assumed by the proceedings, and from the fact that the new road connects the cities of British Columbia with the American system of railways on this coast. A special train left Vancouver on the morning of the 14th February, having on board a large number of guests invited by the N. W. S. Company to participate in the opening ceremonies. Amongst those who accepted were Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Nelson, Hon. John Robson, Premier, the majority of the members of the Legislature, now in session in Victoria, the United States and Japanese Consuls, the Mayors of Vancouver and New Westminster, members of the City Councils and Boards of Trade, and a large number of leading citizens from many places in the Province. Mrs. Nelson was accompanied by Mrs. Oppenheimer, wife of Mayor Oppenheimer, of Vancouver, and Mrs. Hendry, wife of Mr. John Hendry, vice-president of the Westminster Southern Railway. At Westminster a large addition was made to the party, who were joined by many prominent officials of that city: Judge Bole, Sheriff Armstrong, the managers of the Banks of Montreal and British Columbia, Mr. Moresley, the resident railway directors, and others, accompanied by the Artillery Band. The first stoppage was made at the site of the proposed Liverpool station. Here an address was presented to Mrs. Nelson, requesting her to bestow a name on the new town. A deed of a lot adjoining the station was also presented to her by the company in commemoration of the occasion. Although taken by surprise, Mrs. Nelson made a graceful reply, naming the place Liverpool, and expressing her thanks for the gift and for the kind words of the address. The train then proceeded on its way to the boundary line between British Columbia and the State of Washington. At this point, where the town of Blaine is situated, a large crowd had assembled, and extensive preparations had been made in the way of decorations. At the spot where the ceremony of "driving the last spike" was to take place a large arch had been erected across the track, wreathed with the flags of England and the United States, together with the ensigns of British Columbia and Washington. When the tie was placed in position and the two polished steel spikes arranged, one on the Canadian and one on the American side of the line, Lieut.-Governor Nelson drove home "our spike" amid the cheers of the spectators. In the absence of Governor Ferry, of Washington, Acting Governor Laughton drove the American spike into its place. As he raised the hammer he said, "May no other kind of a blow be ever struck between British Columbia and Washington than the one I am about to give," a sentiment which was greeted with enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Nelson and Mrs. Laughton were then presented with small silver hammers, each gave an approving tap and the ceremony was complete. The train bringing excursionists northward from Fairhaven then approached the special bound south from Westminster, and the two locomotives touched or "kissed" each other on the boundary line amid the blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, the music of the bands and the cheers of the assembled multitude. A formal reception took place afterwards in the Opera House, and addresses were delivered by the Mayor of Blaine, Lieut.-Governor Nelson, Governor Laughton, Mr. H. G. Thompson and others. Mr. Jay Ewing, United States Consul at Vancouver, referred to the fact that there were on the platform Consular representatives of three nations—Spain, Sweden and Japan. The Canadian visitors were welcomed with many expressions of courtesy and good will. Many of the speakers dwelt on the possibility of a closer commercial union between the two countries in the near future. On this subject, indeed, many of the speeches may be said to have expanded into orations. The American eagle flapped his wings and soared into space as usual, and, strange to say, his flight seemed always in a northerly direction, until some unimaginative Canadians brought him down once more to earth—on his own side of the 49th parallel. A rather amusing incident was the reading of a congratulatory dispatch signed by the Hon. James G.

Blaine. It was couched in rather ambiguous terms and formed a text for a great deal of this speculative oratory. It has since been discovered that whoever sent the telegram Mr. Blaine had nothing to do with it. The Hon. John Robson, Premier of British Columbia, made an eloquent and patriotic speech. While agreeing to a certain extent with those who wished for freer trade relations with the United States, he yet considered that unrestricted reciprocity would be a mistake. He was proud of being a British subject, and thought it best that the two great nations should grow and continue to prosper side by side, united by the ties of friendship and good will. His address, though perfectly amicable and courteous, showed unmistakably that all these theories of closer union must not interfere with the loyalty felt by every true Canadian to his country and its institutions. After being entertained at a banquet in Fairhaven the visitors returned home, thoroughly pleased with their reception on American soil, and with the arrangements made for their pleasure and comfort by the president and directors of the Westminster Southern Railway, and so ended a memorable day in the history of railway matters in British Columbia.

LENNON.

Reflections Upon the Recent Elections.

That master of fiction and kindly satire, Charles Dickens, has given us an account of the contest between the Honourable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall, and Horatio Fizkin, Esq., of Fizkin Lodge, rival candidates for the burrough of Eatanswell; and in his laughable way has held up for public condemnation the methods of the Blue and Buff parties alike. In Canada we also have had our Blue and Buff contest, and the tricks, prevarications and language of the rival parties might give rise to ridicule were they not humiliating to any high-minded Canadian with his country's interest at heart.

To a conscientious mind, prepared to form and act upon an unbiased judgment, and many of the electors were of this class, nothing can be more dishonourable than the mutilation or suppression of portions of a statistical argument or an article to such an extent that the emasculated statement was made to pipe in a key different from what it originally had. Yet this was a common resource of some party organs. The proverb, "All is fair in love and war," which has been bandied about considerably of late, is, perhaps, the most diabolical doctrine ever invented by a depraved mind to spawn hatred, malice and falsehood in this world, and the individual who resorts to such a proverb for excuse or justification of his conduct is self-condemned and wholly untrustworthy.

It is also to be regretted that the publication of serious charges against candidates or their supporters without any attempt at verification, and even in despite of categorical denials, was so flagrantly resorted to. To my personal knowledge, it was in many cases wholly impossible for an accused person to obtain from the paper which had slandered him even the scant courtesy of granting space in its columns for his explanation or denial, and he was forced to seek the columns of his own party press for succour, which availed him nothing, since the vast majority of those who had read the charge never read its refutation. Surely a party confident of its integrity could spare such tactics!

The evils attending the existence of a party press cannot, probably, be eradicated, but the growth of the few conscientious unpartizan organs possessed by this country may ultimately lead to better things. Rather than the one-sided, almost unreliable editorials recently so common, it were better that the editorial columns become, like the pages of a magazine, open to all shades of opinion. Under such a system, strictly enforced and ignoring the host of somebodies or nobodies whose letters might beat like an ocean against the outer doors of the Sanctum, the general mind would be better informed and more likely to vote intelligently and rightly than at present. I do not hesitate to say that a strictly and bitterly partizan article scarcely influences a vote, for those who read such articles are the men girt with a wall of prejudice and incapable of changing an opinion. For whom are the editorials of a paper written at election time? Not for him who is already upon our side, but for him who wavers, whose judgment must be won over. The quiet stand taken by the *Montreal Star*, and the fair and thor-

ough statement of the claims of both political parties which formed one of the editorial comments of that journal upon the situation, was, I believe, of more value to the Conservative cause than a dozen inflammatory editorials would have been, and was certainly more in keeping with the dignity of the Press.

During the contest the term "turncoat" was freely bandied about, and was frequently resented. Yet what is there to barb the term and make it cause a rankling wound? "A foolish consistency is the hob-goblin of little minds," says Emerson; and then again he says, "With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. * * * Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day." He does not add, but the thoughtful mind will supply the hiatus, that both to-day and to-morrow should think well before speaking at all. Shall we remain dumb through youth and early manhood that we may not contradict ourselves in age? Shall we, on the other hand, abide by our early opinions, correct enough for that time and age, but now grown waterlogged in the flux of ideas in us and the tide of change without? The birds are consistent, they build their nests in their own way; but the palace of a king is better than the Indian wigwam, because men have not been consistent. He who does not keep pace with the times shall be left behind, and it is the man whose brain is like a sensitive photographic plate, or rather like a thermopile, who shall sway the multitude and in the end achieve his purpose. Sir John Macdonald has been termed the Old Wiggler by Mr. Blaine, and the term is not inapt. Every gentleman is a wriggler more or less, preferring to reach his object by going round another's prejudices rather than running up against them; and it is these gentlemen who win most of life's prizes.

The liberty of a subject to change his opinion is inalienable, and the man who can change his policy is better than he who cannot, for the one is a thinker while the other is a fossil. The only despicable turncoat is he whose coat alone is turned and whose convictions are unaltered; and he is despicable because he sails under false colours. "I hope," says Emerson, "in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency."

To avoid the charge of "turncoatism" it were well that men should join no political party. It is not a party but a policy that we should support, and unless we remember this, we shall be surprised to find the young politician on one side to-day and on the other in years to come, when his policy shall have been adopted with what modifications were found necessary.

One further reflection and I am done. I have remarked that scarcely was an opinion expressed by any one of importance which was not opposed by the cry of others that he was not a disinterested man. Show me a disinterested man in Canada and I will show you a man whose opinion is valueless. The man who by years of unremitting toil has honestly obtained an honourable position must be vitally interested in many undertakings, and must also be possessed of a practical knowledge that should make his opinion of greater value than that of the film-weaving dreamer of theories. Apply the test in other than political life, and note its absurdity. A bank manager, after careful study and the experience of years, speaks, say at the annual meeting, and lays down laws regarding sound banking; when some theorizer who has never seen a ledger or discounted a note remarks, "Oh! you are interested," and proceeds to give advice as a disinterested person. To which of these men is the most attention likely to be given? Carried out to its logical conclusion, the objection of being interested would result in legislation being handed over from men who have everything to lose, to paupers, tramps and outcasts of society. A certain European town is governed virtually from the workhouse, whose 15,000 old men retain their votes though all else has been lost. Would the party press advocate allowing only paupers to vote?

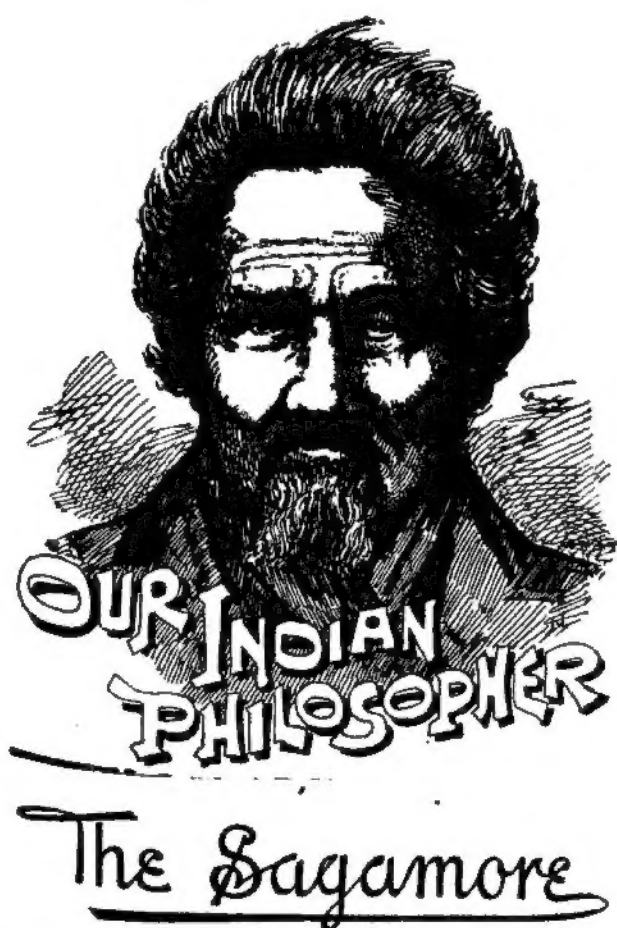
The only adequate refutation of an argument is an argument, and flippant and impertinent retorts or deliberate falsehoods which have been common of late deserve the severest condemnation. A self-respecting people will some day awaken to the knowledge that they are being imposed upon by a too partizan press, and a happier era shall dawn.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.



COQUETRY.
(From the painting by Palmaroli.)



The reporter found the sagamore in the door of the wigwam, contemplating the signs of spring that were scattered about. Among these were several smells, which had been divulged by the melting of the snow. The two went inside and breathed the odor of the green fir boughs that formed the warrior's couch.

"Mr. Paul," the reporter said, "I have come to feel as a Canadian that we as a people are not alive to all the duties and responsibilities which national progress has entailed upon us. In other words, I feel that we as Canadians have certain duties to perform and responsibilities to discharge which are the result of our national growth, but which, in the hurry and rush of business and the multifarious pursuits of life, we are apt to overlook. That is to say, I mean that in our absorption in material events and circumstances we are apt to overlook certain duties and responsibilities of a less apparent, perhaps, but not less important, character and bearing upon the general welfare of humanity. Don't you think so?"

"Don't I think what?"

"Don't you think that we, as Canadians, considering the manifold occupations, steadily increasing, of a constantly progressive era, in which change and novelty are conspicuous, causing a natural tendency to superficiality, as it were, are apt to lose sight of many things, which are not the less important because obscured by things more apparent?"

The sagamore glared at his visitor for a full minute without a word.

"How long you been that way?" he demanded at last.

It was the reporter's turn to stare.

"You got pooty good load to-day," said Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said the reporter. "I am burdened with a great thought, which is certainly a good sort of load."

"Sure it ain't gin?" doubtfully queried the sagamore.

The reporter sniffed scornfully.

"S'pose you start agin," suggested Mr. Paul.

"I asked you," said the reporter, somewhat stiffly, "if you didn't think we, as Canadians, considering the tremendous pressure—"

"Hold on!" interrupted the sagamore. "I don't think anything like that. S'pose you git down!"

"Get down?"

"That's what I said."

"But what do you mean?"

"Come down where I kin see what you say," replied the sage.

"I don't understand," said the reporter.

"You been tryin' tell me some things we better do," explained the old man. "If I want you come into my camp when it's rain out doors I don't jaw long time 'bout how much water's in that river. I tell you come right in from that rain."

"You mean," said the reporter, "that I am somewhat prolix in my remarks."

The sagamore took the reporter across his knee and remonstrated with him.



"Now," said the old man, when he had reduced a large shingle to splinters, "you talk right out. What you think this country better do?"

"Send a missionary to China," answered the reporter, with desperate brevity.

"What makes us do that?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"My brother," said the reporter, warming up again, "we have made great strides in recent years. We have built the Canada Pacific Railway. We have steamers plying regularly on the Pacific ocean. The hoary Orient is knocking at our doors. We have been in a special sense given the heathen for an inheritance. We would be recreant to duty—we would be letting slip the grandest opportunity of the ages were we at this hour to turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes to us from the Flowery Kingdom, whose teeming millions—"

At this stage the reporter was once more taken across the knee of the sagamore and brought back with a rush from the orient to the occident.

"Want me take your scalp?" demanded the warrior, throwing away the remnants of another shingle.

"No sir," promptly answered the other, "I don't."

"You think we better send missionary to China, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

The reporter nodded.

"Them Chinese," said Mr. Paul, "is people pays up all their debts 'fore they begin new year."

"Yes," said the reporter. "It is considered a disgrace for any Chinaman to begin the new year without having wiped out all the debts of the old."

"You think we'd better send some missionary out there, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Decidedly," said the reporter. "That unfortunate people are sunk in a heathenism that is a reproach to our boasted civilization. We owe it to ourselves and to them to enlighten their darkness. We should stick at no expense, either. We owe it to ourselves and to them. It is a debt that should be discharged."

"I know good many debts better be discharged," rejoined the sagamore. "I know some people owes me this good many years—ain't paid me yit. You know what I think?"

"What?" asked the reporter.

"I think," said Mr. Paul, "I'm gonto send to China git some missionaries right away. If I kin git 'um come over here show people they better pay their debts, that's mighty good thing, too."

"You think," said the reporter, "that we might swap missionaries with advantage?"

"Ah-hah."

"I don't agree with you," said the reporter, with an uncomfortable sense of several outstanding bills. "If you get such an impression abroad we would never get people to contribute another cent to missionary purposes."

"Mebbe you kin git 'um pay their bills," rejoined the sage.

The reporter winced a little.

"I fear," he said, "that you are given over to a reprobate mind."

For reply the sagamore got up and kicked the speaker out of his wigwam.



A Chinese missionary is said to be on his way east from Vancouver. The reporter and quite a large number of estimable citizens are seriously considering the question of emigrating to Mexico.

Alcantara, Jr., 3703.

One of the subjects of our illustrations this week is the grand stallion, the son of Alcantara, which, as has already been noticed in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, has been sold to H. M. Bennett, of Pittsburg. Somehow or other our breeders did not appear to appreciate the blood that was at their disposal, and they let him go to a gentleman who thought \$8,200 an easy price when he saw the sort of stallion he wanted.

In fact the Americans rather think that they have got a good thing out of Canada, and at a bid after the sale, at an increased figure, it was impossible to recover the son of Alcantara. To those who understand these things the following pedigree will be interesting, as taken from the best known turf paper on the continent, the *Chicago Horseman* :—

"The bay stallion, Alcantara, Jr., 3703 inherited speed from sire and dam and proved his inheritance by trotting in 2.29½ in his first and only race. The record was straight and beyond question. Alcantara, Jr., was foaled at High-lawn Farm in 1883, the produce of Bourbon Belle, by Administrator, 2.29½, and her dam was Bourbon Girl, 2.30¼, by McDonald's Mambrino; third dam Belle, by Alexander's Abdallah. Bourbon Belle is a successful speed dam, as another son, Bourbon Boy, got a record of 2.34, and trotted a trial in 2.25. Alcantara, Jr., is now in the stud at Windsor Stock Farm, Farmingdale, N.J.. In the stud with him is Volume, 2840, by Volunteer, d.m. Kitty Wirt, 2.31, by Scott's Hiawaga; second dam by Herd Luckshoe. After the season Alcantara, Jr., will be taken in hand by John E. Turner and driven for a faster record."

There is hardly a doubt that three of Alcantara's progeny will be found in the thirty class this year. The three year-old chestnut colt, Alcantella, is a particularly promising one that could not now be bought for \$7,000. The Canadians who have been fortunate enough to have had his services, have opened their eyes at the value placed on Alcantara by the Americans. Those who had an opportunity of the benefit of such blood and did not make use of it are sorry. Those who are far-seeing enough to recognize the advantages of good breeding are glad. But in the future it will cost a great deal more than when the princely sire was stationed in Canada.

THE TRUTH OF IT.—Mr. Walton: "Why do they call fishermen anglers?" Mr. Hooke: "Comes from the angle, you know. Crooked. They never tell a straight story about what they catch."—From *Outing*.



THE COURT HOUSE, KAMOURASKA, P.Q.
(Mr. H. Laurie, Amateur photo.)



One of the prettiest and most successful masquerades took place on the 10th ult. on the M. A. A. grounds at Côte St. Antoine. This is the largest and best kept of any of our open air rinks. The weather was everything one could desire, and the ice in splendid condition. At one end of the rink was a tent made warm and cosy for certain charming young gipsies, who kindly undertook to tell the hidden future to such of the masqueraders who cared to enter. The costumes were, on the whole, rich and striking—two of the most striking were the white and black angels, who made a marked contrast to each other as they skated hither and thither in the crowd. But none looked prettier than did those who were dressed in the college gown of the McGill lady-undergraduates. It has been well said that no one rules so easily and decidedly as does the ice queen, who is never at a loss for attendants, who vie with one another in skimming with her over the frozen surface.

The Musical Score gave one of their delightful gatherings on St. Valentine's Day at the residence of Mr. John Murphy. The programme was unusually attractive and appropriate to the occasion.

Some of our little folks had a very pleasant time at an "At Home" given by Miss Pauline Townsend. The hours from half-past four to seven were quickly passed in dancing, games, etc.

Professor Cox entertained the students of the third year Science of McGill at his house on Thursday evening, 5th inst.

A quiet wedding took place early Saturday morning at the Church of St. James the Apostle. The contracting parties being Miss Marguerite Scott, daughter of Mr. H. C. Scott, to Mr. Norman Rielle. The bride wore her travelling dress, and looked very sweet and pretty.

The marriage of Miss Helen Gregory, B.A., whose

name is well-known in connection with literary work, and who has but recently returned from Japan, took place on the 3rd inst. at Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton. The wedding was witnessed by a large assemblage of invited guests and many interested spectators. The ceremony was performed by Dean Geddes, who was assisted by Rev. W. J. Creighton, of Bobcaygeon. The bridesmaid was Miss Martin, of Hamilton, and the groomsmen Harry Stewart, of Orangeville. The bride wore a travelling costume of terra cotta China silk and terra cotta and old rose brocade, a cloak of old rose velvet and a bonnet of terra cotta and old rose crepe and velvet, with flowers and gold ornaments. She carried a bouquet of roses and orchids. After the ceremony a reception was held at The Willows, Catharine street south, where the great array of beautiful and costly gifts which the bride has received from friends and admirers in several countries were displayed. Among the most admired of these were several exceedingly handsome specimens of Japanese workmanship, presented by Japanese noblemen with whom the bride became acquainted during her recent visit to Japan.

Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Stanley gave one of their always enjoyable "At Homes" on the 28th ult. The principal amusements were skating and tobogganing. The hospitality of Their Excellencies was acknowledged by 750 acceptances. Viewed from the heights of the toboggan slides, both of which were in perfect condition for this exhilarating pastime, the scene was one of a fairy-like character, the grounds being illuminated with thousands of Chinese lanterns and other lights. To the left were seen on the miniature lake the happy skaters circling in graceful curves and waltzes to the music of the Governor General's Guards band. Huge bonfires lit up the grounds at several points, lending an additional charm to an already perfect picture. The slides were admirably worked by red light signalling, and though there were one or two "spills" such only added to the zest and enjoyment, as no injury was sustained. At 10 o'clock supper was served in the curling rinks. One of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent at Rideau Hall came to an end at 11.30, when the National Anthem was sung.

What to Do when Starving.

A survivor of the hardships of Fremont's terrible four expeditions writes as follows in a posthumous narrative of the expedition printed in *The Century* for March, in which he more than hints at the fact of cannibalism:

It was curious to hear different men tell of the workings of the mind when they were starving. Some were constantly dreaming or imagining that they saw before them a bountiful feast, and would make selections of different dishes. Others engaged their minds with other thoughts. For my part, I kept my mind amused by entering continually into all the minutiae of farming, or of some other systematic business which would keep up a train of thought, or by working a mental solution of mathematical problems, or by bringing in review the rudiments of some science, or by laying out plans for the future, all having a connection with home and after life. So in this way never allowing myself to think upon the hopelessness of our condition, yet always keeping my eyes open to every chance, I kept hope alive and never once suffered myself to despond. And to this course I greatly attribute my support, for there were stronger men who, by worrying themselves, doubtless hastened their death. Ten out of our party of thirty-four entered the mountains had perished, and a few dozen more would have finished the others.

Napoleon's Treatment of His Creatures.

In the Talleyrand Memoirs in the March *Century*, the following remark is thrown in at the end of his account of Murat's treason, and suggests, if it was not suggested by Talleyrand's personal experience:

"There was in Napoleon's power, at the stage it had now reached, a radical defect which seemed to me necessarily injurious to his stability, and even tending towards his final overthrow. Napoleon took delight in disquieting, in humiliating, in tormenting those that he himself had raised; and they, placed in a state of continual distrust and irritation, worked underhand against the power that had created them and that they already looked upon as their greatest enemy."